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A. M. Bethune

JOKEBY,

A

BURLESQUE ON ROKEBY,

A POEM,

IN SIX CANTOS,

BY AN AMATEUR OF FASHION;

To which are added,

OCCASIONAL NOTES,

By our most Popular Characters.

"Go to—thou talkest of nothing."

ROMEO.

LONDON:

Printed for THOMAS TEGG, No. 111, Cheapside; W. ALLASON, 31, Bond Street; J. DICK, Edinburgh; and J. CUMMING, Dublin.

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PREFACE.

WHEN one man writes nonsense why may not another? And if that man's nonsense has met with such an extraordinary sale as the newspaper puffs infer, why may not his imitator hope for the same success? The author of JOKEBY trusts that his nonsense upon nonsense will have many readers; particularly as it is offered to the public at a *moderate* price; for he thinks that two guineas for a book "which would keep many a poor family from starving" is as bad as two guineas for a peach, "when" as O'Keeffe writes, "the poor want the common necessaries of life." As it is ridiculous for a man to write notes upon his own production the author submitted the M. S. to the perusal of several ingenious persons whose observations, though the publication of the Poem, was thereby delayed, he is happy in uniting with the work.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE scene of this Poem is laid at CLERKENWELL and the adjacent places, HOCKLEY-IN-THE-HOLE, MUTTON-LANE, &c. &c.

It then shifts to ST. GILES'S and other places in that vicinity.

The time occupied by the action is a space of Five Days in the winter Season.

JOKEBY.

CANTO I.

I.

THE Moon reflects the winter snow,
But mild and soft the Zephyrs blow,
And, hiding half her face, the rain
Makes motley tincture of her train.
On Clerkenwell and Thames she seems
As changeable as guilty dreams,
When Conscience, with remorse and dread,
Gives wandering Fancy kicks in bed;
Like blushing Shame she look'd abash'd,
Like Anger then she fiercely flash'd,
Appearing now to come and go,
She seem'd like Terror on tip-toe;

Soon the black clouds dim all about,
And, like Despair, she is snuff'd out.
The Trav'ller all these various hues,
Reflected from the Thames, now views;
Then from Blackfriar's Bridge, with awe,
Perceives the instantaneous thaw,
Hears near Fleet Market and St. Paul,
By fits the heavy showers fall;
Lists to the wind's tremendous blast,
And holds his wet umbrella fast.

II.

Clerkenwell, which this changeful hour
Has inundated with the show'r,
Clerkenwell holds a ruffian guest,
Th' emotions of whose troubled breast,
In wild and strange confusion cramm'd,
Rival the torments of the damn'd.
Ere JAMES in sleep his senses lost,
From side to side he often tost,
Compos'd his limbs, and strove in vain
To banish thinking from his brain;
Queen Mab at length rode 'thwart his nose,
But with a train of fancied woes,
Mingling, a chaos to his mind,
The ills before him and behind.

Conscience, outstripping time, presents,
For ponder'd crimes, due punishments,
And calls her furies to reveal
The gallows and the halter's feel,
While her poor victim's mournful phiz,
Proclaims the sorrows which are his,
And proves we'll much be edified
By watching knaves at their bedside.

III.

While JAMES lay snoring, we might quiz
Strange changes in his sleeping phiz,
Sudden and ominous as those
The moon-beams on the Thames disclose?
There might be seen the blush of Shame,
There Anger's fierce and darker flame,
While the poor sleeper's hand the noose
Was struggling all the while to loose.
In vain he strove, the piteous moan
Was now succeeded with a groan;
The frequent kicks seem'd to imply
His body was suspended high.
Nor was this all; a sudden start
Drew from his collar-bone a smart;
Features convuls'd—a mutter'd word,
Now prove the tightness of the cord,

Till the last pang, so nigh to choke,
Starts JAMES, who instantly awoke.

IV.

He 'woke, and fear'd again to dose—
The gallows troubled his repose—
He 'woke—to strike a light and tell
The clocks which strike in Clerkenwell,
Or listen to the lasses' cry,
Or boys who went a whistling by,
Or catch, by fits, the notes sublime,
With which the watchman tells the time,
And envying think, how, when the sun
Bids the poor fellow's task be done,
Snug in his bed, and fancy free,
He snores like rustic honesty.

V.

Far distant sounds a ruffian's tread,
And JEMMY bouncing from his bed
Hath caught it, tho' no human ear,
Unsharpen'd by remorse or fear,
Could have o'erheard the noise of feet,
Until they trod, at least, Ray-street.
More plain the sounds now reach his ears,
The watchman's gabble, too, he hears.

At length their canes and voices tell
That some one is in Clerkenwell;
Below he hears too, in the hall,
The servant for a candle call,
To show the visitor the way
Up to the garrat, where JAMES lay.
They cry, "News from the boxing match!
A messenger comes with the watch."
Smothering now his painful dread,
By way of answer JEMMY said,
"Bring sprats and gin, and cold strong beer,
Admit the lad, and disappear."

VI.

The bully came with heavy stride,
The ample capes his visage hide,
For his great coat, of modern taste,
Wrapt, like a coachman's, round his waist.
Scarce answer he vouchsaf'd unto
JAMES MADDOX' civil *how do y'do*,
But with a sneer he play'd his part,
He saw and scorn'd his dirty art,
When James the rushlight mov'd aside,
That its faint light might be applied
To show the stranger's face alone,
And all the while to hide his own.

The guest meantime, with a slow air,
Laid his great coat upon a chair,
He flung the rain from off his hat,
And with the coat, he laid down that;
His pocket-handkerchief took out,
Blew hard his nose, and wip'd his snout;
His seat then at the table took,
Without a word, a nod, or look,
And with avidity laid in
The sprats, which he wash'd down with gin,
As free from ceremony's tone,
As famish'd dog that gnaws a bone.

VII.

With deep impatience, mix'd with dread,
His host beheld him cut the bread,
And drink the beer too, like a sot,
Tho' it was sixpence now a pot.
Then James his chair mov'd from its place,
And walk'd about with hasty pace,
So anxious he to know forthwith
Tidings of so much weight and pith.
Cursing his guest's protracted cheer,
Cursing the sprats, the gin, and beer;
More vex'd was he when he was done,
For all the gin and beer were gone.

And greater too was his dismay,
When he the pot girl sent away.
Alone now with the stranger, he
To question was at liberty,
But a long pause did plainly show
He dreaded what he wish'd to know.

VIII.

Much in the stranger's phiz he saw
To justify his fear and awe;
The sun had given it a brown hue,
And constant broils had mark'd it too;
Shatter'd his skull, his temples cut,
And patches o'er his forehead put,
Yet left, what age alone could tire,
The fist of strength, the eye of fire;
The brawny fist that nose oft broke,
The eye that indignation spoke,
That fist no match had ever found,
Ne'er in that eye had tear drops drown'd
The flame which rage had kindled there,
That laugh'd at pain, and knew not care,
Accustom'd to all dangerous toils,
To drunkenness and nightly broils;

Death had he seen by sudden blows,
By fractur'd head, by broken nose,
By cane or stone, by noise or strife,
Knew all his shapes, and scorn'd his life.

IX.

But yet, tho' BERNARD'S ghastly stare,
Unmov'd, could blood and danger dare,
Still worse than apathy was his;
On his dark brow and iron phiz,
For wicked thoughts, long entertain'd,
Had o'er them full dominion gain'd.
All that gave grace to sin, all light
Gay Folly pass'd with boyhood quite,
And deeply-rooted manhood shows
The weeds of vice without a rose;
And yet the soil in which they sprung,
Had it been tamed when he was young,
Had depth and vigour to produce
The best of fruit for Virtue's use.
Not that e'en then his harden'd soul
The gentle passions could control;
But impudence might have been rul'd
By discipline, had he been school'd,
And theft, which impudence brought on,
Prevented, had he better known;

Had good instruction been the plan
He might have been an honest man.

X.

Ev'n now, by conscience uncontroll'd,
A noted thief—a villain bold;—
A sense of honor he retain'd,
And petty wickedness disdain'd;
For guilt which did not equal seem,
Fail'd in brave BERNARD'S high esteem;
And this felt MADDOX, while he strove,
In vain, by little acts of love,
To tempt his sullen guest to speak,
The news he wish'd, but durst not seek.
On other subjects spoke he free,
Save that which he now long'd to be—
But still the guest on no pretence,
Wou'd mark or spare him his suspense,
But with a peevish look, or so
Would briefly answer—Yes and No—
Or else he turn'd him a deaf ear,
Pretending not his words to hear,
And forc'd the embarrass'd host to bawl,
'Ere he would answer him at all.

XI.

Awhile he touch'd on various themes,
The playhouse, politics and dreams—

The Russian war—but great his awe,
When Bernard's grinning sneer he saw;
Then stammer'd—" Fought the boxers well;
Has Bernard news thereof to tell?
For sure a man so brave as he,
Cou'd n't fail a boxing match to see;
Nor wou'd he from the battle run,
Until the prize was lost or won."
" Here, in your garret, Bridewell near,
You, Jemmy Maddox, live in cheer;
What wonder others shou'd walk in,
To share your porter, sprats and gin;
For thirst and hunger are no doubt
The fate of those who walk about."
" Poo, trifle not—I heard them say,
A boxing match took place to-day,
And if I am mistaken not,
St. George's Fields too was the spot.—
I know you went to see the fight,
And saw it too—was all, pray, right?"

XII.

" Dost wish to know? In Lambeth then
I met, I think, five hundred men;
The ring was made, and on each face,
Impatience and suspense took place;

Loud cries ascend from every way—
" Huzza! my boys,"—" My boys huzza!"
Brave fellows faith—they went to blows,
The claret ran down from the nose;
I could have smil'd—but I was lothe,
To see th' anxiety of both—
In making at each other's head—
The eye or nose, as humor led.—
Some thought the foremost would be beat;
Some thought the battle doubtful yet;
They fought like devils, to obtain
A paltry prize—some trifling gain.
Had Bernard Roughhead not five pound,
When he as boxer took the ground?
No simpleton was I, I ween;
When Crib I met upon the green.
Mile-End has heard of my renown;
My fame has travelled o'er the town;
At Moorfields did I overthrow,
Notorious Bob of Bunhill-Row.
Mendoza knows what I can do,
And Christian too as well as Jew;
" Still from the purpose wilt thou stretch—
Good, gentle friend—What of the Match?"

XIII.

" Good I am thought when songs abound,
And very good when gin goes round;
Tho' gentle ne'er, till now, was join'd
With Bernard's manners unrefin'd.
But to proceed. The Boxers' rage,
Excell'd all those on ASTLEY'S stage;
For there of pugilists a set,
For gallery diversion met,
Who very dexterously sparr'd,
While plaudits loud were their reward;
And when they made a clever hit,
They drew a clap then from the pit;
Even thus, upon St. George's Fields,
Both fought, and neither of them yields,
The wagers to increase begin,
Ambiguous, which of them would win,
Till Belcher with his fist of might,
Left Sammy very little sight;
His friends then hung their heads with woe,
For Sam couldn't see to deal a blow;
Dost guess the rest? In tumult tost,
Our comrades saw their wagers lost:
Those who exclaim'd huzza before,
Are dumb and cry huzza no more.

They see their hero on the ground,
And mark with sorrow every wound;
Now, blind and bloody, Sam lay sore,
Incapable of boxing more;
Thus far'd it, when I left the spot,
With Sam and Belcher all so hot."

XIV.

"Distressing news!" sly Jemmy said—
Affected sorrow bent his head;
But joy which stole into his eye,
Gave his pretended grief the lie.
"Distressing news! But why conceal,
What most of all you should reveal?
Complete the tragic tale and say,
How much the money lost to-day:
What wagers of a large amount,
Among the parties did you count?
Tho' 'twas my greatest foe that lost,
His fate a thousand tears would cost:
No answer! friend, you know full well,
Whom 'tis I hate as I do hell;
And whom yourself were wont to blame,
Tho' now you mention not his name."
With aspect grim—"Of friend or foe,
Aught," answer'd Bernard, "Would'st thou know,

Demand in civil terms and grave—
A proper answer you shall have;
For impudence and speeches sly,
I have no humour nor reply."

XV.

The rage, which fear and art suppress'd,
Now boil'd at once in Jemmy's breast;
Such language from a rebel brat,
Made his proud heart go pit a pat.
" Villain! did'st thou thy debt discharge?
Dick of Field-Lane, is he at large?
False to thy honor, or thy oath,
Bully or Coward, one or both.
Wretch! did'st thou in thy promise fail,
To send thy Comrade Dick to jail?
Then from his chair the other rose,
And pull'd poor Jemmy by the nose;
His pinch, with thumb and finger stout,
Forc'd the brown snuff-drop from the snout.
" Well done," he cried, and 'ere he swore,
Freed Jemmy's nose and gave a roar.
" Now Jemmy Maddox speaks thy heart,
Now dost thou act thy genuine part,
Worthy, but for thy cringing fear,
To rank with Bernard Roughhead here.

What carest thou for hot Belcher's toils,
So thou hast some of Dicky's spoils?
What mind'st thou tho' Dutch Sam be beat,
So I did not my vow forget.—
Thou wou'dst not care a crooked pin,
If Sam did never battle win,
So Dick of Field-Lane were to fall,
And like poor Sammy lose his all.
Sit down and be all smiling cheer,
Like brother-villains o'er their bier.
When tales are told of crows and knives,
Wou'd fright old maids out of their lives.
From first to last I'll frankly tell,
The deed of vengeance in Pall-Mall.

XVI.

"When from determin'd spite I shrink,
Call me Poltroon, nor give me drink;
When wrongs I lay upon the shelf,
Call me an Ass and drink yourself!
Dick of Field-Lane is one of those,
Whom Bernard Roughhead deems his foes;
Or whom the gallows surely ends,
If reckoned one of his false friends.
As was his way, when in a throng,
Among dress'd folk he walk'd along,

And pick'd their pockets all the while;
I saw the fellow's secret guile.
When 'tother way his eyes he cast,
And Jokeby's gang saw as they pass'd,
"What shame if Thieves won't share," he said—
I heard and thought too, as we stray'd,
We two had pretty pickings made
In many a crowded lane and yard,
Where Bernard's fist was Dick's safeguard.
I thought on Drury Playhouse burn'd,
Where constables our schemes o'erturn'd—
How from their gripe my friend I sav'd,
And for his sake all danger brav'd.
I thought on the Prince Regent's fête,
When close pursued up James's Street;
Thro' dirty lanes and courts I took,
Poor Dick with terror in his look,
And did with tenderness apply,
Raw beef to his sore blacken'd eye.
These thoughts now crowded in my mind,
To mar what boldly I design'd.

XVII.

"Hearts are not stone, for stones are hit:
Hearts are not oak, for oak is split.

When Dick desired me, as his way,
To aid him in his next essay,
I scarcely saw the iron crow,
I scarcely heard where he wou'd go.
Lost were my senses the whole day,
Debating if I'd Dick betray.
'Twas then I thought, how, sev'ral times,
His partner I had been in crimes;
Nights in house-breaking and good cheer,
With him I've pass'd both far and near;
But Dicky's manners gave me room,
To apprehend a fatal doom—
Fears, terrors, visionary frights,
Sadden d and dim'd succeeding nights;
The runners follow'd us with speed,
And marr'd each bold design and deed.
Then must I seek another trade;
My resolution Dick dismay'd;
If spoils he shar'd in one rude night,
I thrice the profits squander'd quite;
A desperate dog then did I rove,
Unfit for merriment and love;
Deem'd, like a bedlamite let loose,
Both dang'rous and of little use.—
The women fear'd my ugly mug,
At my approach some gave a shrug;

The servants smok'd my wicked cast,
And shut their doors when Bernard pass'd;
The little children shun'd my view,
And crying call'd me *bug-a-boo.*

XVIII.

The Times for reformation call,
And make my wants the wants of all;
By Dicky urg'd, I join'd again
His gang, their labours to sustain.
What profit waited on my toils?
I little got of gain or spoils—
Dishonest thieves each deed disguised,
And I, neglected and despised,
Was sent on embassies the first,
In all their schemes to meet the worst.
This know'st thou well, thy gestures show,
But o'er again this shalt thou know;
'Tis honor bids me now to state,
Each circumstance of Dicky's fate.

XIX.

News, from the pen that quickly greet,
Spread fast as lightning thro' the street,
As full confession now I made,
Dick of Field-Lane was thus betray'd,

And 'ere into the house he got,
His doom was seal'd, he went to pot.
I watch'd him thro' Pall-Mall and spied,
The officers on 'tother side;
Then as a cat darts on a mouse,
Fierce Atkins bounc'd into the house;
'Twas then the hurly-burly rose,
For each man went to cuffs and blows;
'Twas then a lurking place I sought,
And Dick, a prisoner, was brought;
A bitter look he now let fall,
On Foy and Atkins—that was all—
Think not I waited then to view,
What with their captive they wou'd do,
But 'ere I got near Downing-Street,
Some of my comrades did I meet;
Sammy and David told the tale,
How the poor dog was drag'd to jail,
And many a time with all his main
He struggled to escape in vain,
Cursing the time his easy heart,
Led him his secrets to impart.
Yet when the bridge o'er Thames I clear'd,
Another rumour then I heard;
At George's Fields fresh tidings say,
Jack had escap'd and ran away—

Be this a fact tho' or a lie,
Jemmy, you care as much as I.

XX.

Not then did Jemmy's looks unfold
How great his joy at what was told
By his accomplice, fierce and free,
Who boasted equal treachery.
By civil words he strove to prove
His thanks, his friendship, and his love;
Shook hands, and bow'd in courteous sort,
But Bernard cut good manners short,
" Jemmy, I cannot here delay,
Another moment I'll not stay,
Warn'd by the stories on record,
I trust to no associate's word.
Has it not oftentimes been said,
How many Roberts had betray'd,
How he, to keep his own neck from
The halter, basely hang'd poor Tom.
Oft at th' Old Bailey, near the pump,
The coachman sees his spectre jump,
And in that place which gave me birth,
The sweetest spot upon the earth,
Fleet Market, which with stalls abounds,
Wherein are taken many pounds,

Where you may purchase what you wish,
Beef, mutton, pork, or tripe or fish,
Ask how he died—that fellow brave,
Who came to his untimely grave—
And young and old will quickly tell
By Roberts' treachery he fell.
Thus warn'd by stories on record,
I trust to no associate's word.

XXI.

"When on this business last we met,
We settled nought, or I forget,
Respecting how, or when, or where,
Dicky's possessions we should share;
Then mind, while I this point decide,
And each shall by those claims abide,
Thou, still attach'd to thy employ,
Shalt all the villain's tools enjoy.
The iron crows, pick-locks, and keys,
With honour thou may'st justly seize,
And these I grant; but nothing plan
That may affront a gentleman.
Friend to dear liberty! I mean
No more in London to be seen,
When an informer all hath shown,
He the reward doth justly own;

When a man marks a house to rob,
The booty's his who finds the job;
By either claim I've right to trace
The watches, handkerchiefs, and lace.
Buried in many a secret hole,
The spoons which yesterday he stole,
The duplicates of plate and gold,
Which happily remain unsold,
Each golden seal, each silver pot,
And every thing which Dicky got,
I go to seek, where snug and sly
These plunder'd valuables lie.
Come with me then, for lacking thee
I should not get the kitchen key,
And then good by. I mean to flee,
And never more disturber be.
With cash in pocket I shall feel
An honest man, and live genteel.

XXII.

A sort of doubtful answer hung,
On Mr. Jemmy's faltering tongue;
Spite of his craft, he heard with shame
This ragamuffin make his claim.
His heart is with mix'd passions torn,
With hatred, joy, regret, and scorn;

Rejoic'd that Bernard leaves the town.
He grudg'd the informer half a crown,
Hated his bold, tyrannic way,
And fear'd alone with him to stay.
At length, in words polite and meek,
As cowardice is wont to speak,
" My wife," he said, " will not allow
Her husband to be absent now,
But William shall my place supply,
He knows Field-lane as well as I."

XXXIII.

Contempt kept Bernard's anger in,
His frown was now a scornful grin.
" William, or thou, alike to me,
Which ever finds the kitchen key;
Yet think not but I saw, and laugh'd,
To see thy dirty, paltry craft.
If a black eye from me you fear,
What, Jemmy Maddox stops me here?
Much stronger men I have knock'd down,
In darker places of the town;
Might I not dash thy *day-lights* out,
Ere thou could'st turn thyself about?
But, never fear, 'tis not my view,
But if it were, what could you do?

For trust me, when a quarrel rose,
This hand hath given some desperate blows.
But go, and call thy drowsy son,
Time flies, and I must also run."

XXIV.

Nought of his dad's nefarious art,
Was found in William's honest heart,
A heart too good, from early days,
To take delight in thievish ways.
His dad, whose other sons had been
As wicked dogs as e'er was seen,
On William did no value place,
For feeling heart, and modest face.
But he was his dear mammy's joy,
Who doated on her pretty boy.
No sports of youth his fancy caught,
Marbles and tops he held at nought,
Day after day he lov'd to read
His ballads, and to learn his creed;
But turn'd from vulgar songs, and low
Moll of the Wad, and *Tally ho!*
To learn *Adair's* melodious strain,
And charm his soul with *Crazy Jane*,
And be the colour of a sheet,
O'er *Mary's Lamentations* sweet.

XXV.

Tho' boy, he lov'd not boyish tricks,
Run-away knocks and throwing bricks,
But chose a quiet walk 'ere dark,
Round Bagnage-Wells, or in the Park;
To Pentonville he'd often stray,
And hum a tune upon the way;
The lofty Highgate he'd ascend,
Or else his steps to Hampstead bend;
Such was his way—he'd then beguile,
With entertaining thoughts the while
Of faithful love, of vows sincere,
Till fancy stopping her career,
With hope no longer buoy'd the lad,
And left him in condition sad.

XXVI.

He lov'd—as many a tune could prove,
Whene'er he whistled strains of love;
For his were nature's notes, he caught
The skill unseekable, unsought.
He lov'd—his heart was form'd indeed,
For love and hope his flame did feed;
Vainly he lov'd—for simple lad
No faithful mistress ever had—

Mutely he lov'd—for in his eyes
Was passion—fondness in his sighs.
Thus pass'd his boyhood till Jack Ketch
His father's darlings help'd to stretch.
William is now his only son,
Whom all his hopes depended on,
And destin'd to become the heir,
Of stolen goods by Maddox' care.

XXVII.

William must love and court fair Kate,
The heir of Jokeby's sole estate—
To love was very easy done
By one who was already won—
To court was hard tho' for a youth,
Who scarce knew how to ope his mouth:
But what Kate could, she gave the swain,
To mollify his secret pain;
Kind words and looks, devoid of spite,
And smiles—the lover's chief delight!
She heard the ditties which he sung,
And join'd in chorus with her tongue;
Yet, loth t'encourage burning love,
Which never cou'd successful prove:
Whene'er to any height it rose,
In kindness she wou'd cock her nose;

Then sad to see the lover's tear,
With dang'rous smiles again she'd cheer—

XXVIII.

Thus Master William's courtship stood,
When plunder wak'd the neighbourhood;
Three ruffians, muffled and disguised,
Th' unwary traveller surprised—
In concert oft their schemes thus plann'd,
And the poor countryman trepann'd.
Clapping a pistol to his brains,
They rifle him of all his gains.
At Hockley-in-the-hole, a set,
At dusk of ev'ning Jokeby met,
A gang most desperate and bold,
Who never fail'd to bring home gold.
Dick knew him well in early life,
His sister had been Jokeby's wife;
Tho' long before they were renown'd,
His lady had been under ground.
Dick of Field-Lane his friends did meet,
At Bobby Tatters in Ragg-Street;
While Maddox had his butcher train
At Hogg's pork shop in Mutton-Lane;
But, less inclin'd to take the road,
Made Clerkenwell his snug abode;

So very wise and cunning he,
To keep his neck from halter free.

XXIX.

The lovely Maid of Jokeby's race,
To take the spoils now kept her place;
For every ragamuffin blade,
Behav'd with honor to this maid,
And dared not, when they brought their stock,
The modesty of Kate to shock.
But William, son to Jokeby's foe,
The wish'd for pleasure must forego
Of ent'ring Hockley-in-the-hole,
To see the idol of his soul;
Striving, by ev'ry am'rous wile,
To catch a look and win a smile,
And leave the fair one to suppose,
The artifice from chance arose:
Or more to captivate the fair,
To sing a tender fav'rite air.
Something to do, to ask, to tell.
Say how do y' do?—or are you well?
Then, while fond extacies abound—
Ah, extacies no longer found!
Exchanging vows in speeches free,
Of love and lasting constancy;

Each fond embrace, each precious kiss,
The seal of hymeneal bliss.
This cannot be—so, like a mouse,
Will creeps into a public-house,
And there unseen, without control,
Sits watching Hockley-in-the-hole.
She comes!—'Tis but a transcient sight,
Yet seems to give him some delight.
She comes not!—he will drink all night,
Until the lady strikes a light.
'Tis something, if, of the sweet lass,
Her shadow by the window pass.
"What is my love?" he then did bawl,
"Alas! a shadow after all!"

XXX.

Thus pass'd his time though reason strove
To get the better of his love—
Forcing the total on his mind,
Of frowns he found and still should find.
But a deaf ear the fellow turn'd,
And truth's impressive counsel spurn'd.
Simple, indifferent and good,
In all but this—the lad withstood,
Dame fortune's ever changeful mood;

For William, gentle, meek and coy,
Was Fancy's spoil'd and naughty boy;
In her fine curricle of brass,
She bade him ride with his sweet lass:
Or did with gems and diamonds mock,
And left him crowing like a cock:
Put a fools-cap upon his head—
A carpet for her actor spread—
For him her music gave to strike,
Which he who hears must surely like,
And plac'd him on a stage quite free,
From critics' incivility;
Till, seem to the poor dreamer's eye,
Her day-lies truth and truth a lie.

XXXI.

Woe to the lad whom fancy stirs,
Taking from reason's foot the spurs;
Pity and woe! for such a breast
Is mild, good-natured and distrest.
And woe to those who have such boy,
And do not oft the rod employ,
To make a man of him at length,
While in the body there is strength—
Oh teach him by good lesson's aid,
To know the substance from a shade

Remind him of the wish he sought,
Plumb pudding, very good he thought;
Remind him when his wish he had—
He eat till he was very bad.
O tell him, pray, he is an ass,
If that he look thro' fancy's glass,
And 'ere his eye the mirror meets,
Point out to him her various cheats.
The wise, two sisters, will bring in,
Sad Disappointment and Chagrin;
The one blindfolds the gazer's eyes,
And he no longer sees a prize;
The one induces him to fret,
That he a noble prize did'nt get;
The gazer thinks those charms, pursued,
Are chang'd to ugliness when viewed,
While he who is depriv'd of sight,
Still thinks those charms are very bright.

XXXII.

More lack'st thou yet?—Behold then pray,
How William passes time away:
With a dull light, in the tap-room,
No small addition to his gloom,
He swears and lolls—thro' want of wits,
On his smock phiz misfortune sits—

The pipe half smok'd—the beer half drunk,
The table wet—his spirits sunk.—
See, he looks up—to conquer pain,
Now lights his pipe and smokes again.—
'Tis fancy conjures up the lass,
To make the fool a greater ass,
For like the pipe between his teeth,
Her visions end in smoke forthwith,
And passing on the dreamer jokes,
She leaves him to lament the *hoax*.
Now at the chamber doth he stare—
Vain hope! the lady is not there.
All is still silence—in the pot
Scarce any porter has he got.
Another half-hour must he spend,
Ere home his footsteps he must bend—
And hark! to drive away dull care,
He tries a little ballad air.—

XXXIII.

SONG.

To the Pot of Beer.

Hail to thy strong and frothy stream,
  Which gives the thirsty body cheer—
Hail tho' the publicans now seem,
  To draw less quantities of beer.

O do the great in power fear,
  If beer is plenty toil will cease?
Or have they made the porter dear,
  Because our earnings fast decrease?

Sweet beverage! thou art the staff
  Of man, who, midst his toils and pains,
Recovers strength from *half and half*—
  From *Whitbread's* malt new vigor gains;
But wherefore should the price increase,
  Oh why should porter be so dear?
May Heaven grant us soon a peace,
  Or 'twill be dearer still I fear.

Now he who used to drink a pot,
  Must for a pint of porter spend—
And he who but that quantum got,
  For half a pint must only send.
But shou'd the porter rise again,
  Who for a pot wou'd ever call?
'Twill be a warning to us then,
  And teach us—to drink none at all.

XXXIV.

He jumps—a footstep strikes his ears;
A sound!—his father now appears;

Dull are his looks—his aspect grim,
Owing to Bernard's talk to him—
" William!—for ever o'er thy pot?
Thou hast no cause to be a sot;
In kimbo Dicky lies to night,
And Bernard means to seize downwright
His plunder, got by toil and fuss—
'Tis all the better tho' for us;
Thou to his chamber know'st the way—
Assist him then without delay;
In every deed, in every trick,
Then in a whisper—" take thy stick,
For Bernard is——Zooks he doth come,
He is a son of a——but mum."

END OF CANTO FIRST.

CANTO II.

I.

Far in the Squares at the West-end,
The smoke of chimnies ceas'd t'ascend;
The moon her pretty face didn't show,
In Piccadilly or Soho.
The glimm'ring lamps were almost out,
In Oxford-Street and thereabout—
And all the lanes that eastward lay,
Waited the sweeping brooms of day,
To drive away the mud and rain,
And make them passable again.
Now darkness hid all objects tall,
The Monument and e'en St. Paul;
In Doctor's Commons all was still,
All quiet too in Ludgate Hill;

Save in Cock Court where lasses meet,
Each pretty gentleman to greet;
How much delighted if good luck
Shou'd throw into their way a Buck.

II.

How oft the amorous sounds of those,
Awake the watchman from his dose;
Now looking from his box, he sees
A couple walking at their ease,
And tracks them into Stationer's Court,
Where they retire to have some sport,
And 'ere the coming hour he cries,
From the same court the pair espies,
Who to a night-house haste away,
And for a drop of comfort pay;
Then towards Blackfriars walk alone,
That curious bridge of massy stone,
Where lamps are hung up at each side,
Which light for passengers provide;
Where Thames is us'd to overflow,
And make a rumbling noise below;
For drowning dogs nor barges here,
Nor arches check his fierce career,
Per force he swells with every tide,
And makes the very barges ride.

III.

Nor dogs alone in Thames are drown'd,
But other objects too are found,
For many a base Seducer's prey,
Hath wash'd her sorrows here away,
And accident unkindly gave
Poor fellows here a watry grave.
The lamplighter who hast'ly came,
To administer the needful flame,
Could not withstand the furious blast,
Tho' his boy held the ladder fast;
Into the river was he tost,
And light and lamplighter were lost!
In vain the boy look'd for his dad;
In vain indeed, for none he had—
Who near Blackfriar's cared a pin,
Or took the little orphan in?
Who at the Haymarket has play'd,
For his and his poor mother's aid?
No *Amateur*—no *Baronet*
Has *tragedized* for them yet!
He who Blackfriar's often lit,
Did sure deserve a benefit
If living, and had greater claim,
Than some, who, with a borrow'd name,

Have pocketed no little gain,
By licence from the Chamberlain;
Having, by trimming, to be sure,
Thrown light on passages obscure;
And the poor lamplighter I ween,
Wore linen that was seldom clean.

IV.

Bernard ne'er stop'd good-by to say,
For he avoided all delay;
But round his neck a kerchief tied,
And walk'd with William by his side;
While slow their pace and mute their tongues,
Tho' not thro' any want of lungs,
Till they St. James's watch-house pass'd,
And then their pace was rather fast;
But when they got to Mutton-Lane,
Their pace was rather slow again;
Each on his secret thoughts intent,
Quiet and mute they onward went;
You well may guess that Bernard's air,
To William seem'd most dev'lish queer;
You well may guess that Roughhead gruff,
Did'nt care for Will a pinch of snuff;
And few the words of course that pass'd
'Tween folk of such a different cast.

V.

Grim Bernard took the longest way,
But why, in truth I cannot say;
For leaving Saffron-Hill, no doubt,
He went a very round-about.—
Strait forward he his footsteps bent,
As if on mischief still intent,
Casting a curious eye all round,
And marking every distant sound,
And while pursuing thus their way,
In Hatton-Garden now were they;
The haunted house they quickly saw,
Which has so many fill'd with awe.
" Sad house of woe," poor William sigh'd,
" Where troubled ghosts so often glide;
Some bloody deed—some iron chest,
Keeps Lady H——n from her rest."
This to himself—for idle prate,
To Bernard was an insult great.

VI.

Of different kind, a deeper sigh,
Escaped, when Leather-Lane was nigh;
For Jokeby's daughter, sweet and fair,
Had often bought her sheepheads there.

Oh then tho' Dibdin's self had been
Beside him in this lovely scene,
Lending the strains which happ'ly flow
For Sadler's Wells—its charms to show,
Painting, with merry *tick-a-tee*,
The acts of fond civility,
Which here so often pass'd between
The stripling and his Cyprian Queen;
For he with her was wont to come,
To bring the smoking *sheepheads* home;
And lest the lady should be *greased*,
To grease himself was highly pleased;
All this and more might Dibdin tell,
And *Mrs. Waddle* far excel;
While William only eyed the place,
And thought on pretty Kitty's face.

VII.

But Leather-Lane is left for good—
Kate's tripe shop is no longer view'd,
And into Holborn now they stray,
A well known, much frequented way.
A long and wide and well pav'd street,
As e'er was trod by human feet;
With here and there a private court,
And houses too of every sort;

And Inns on both the left and right,
Whose gates are fastened tho' at night.
Now down the hill, tremendous roars,
The dirty water into shores,
That he who near St. Andrew's waits,
May hear it rushing thro' the gates,
And like a coach in frantic spurt,
That drives away the stones and dirt;
May see the pools descend the street,
Spite of the rubbish that they meet,
Till at the bottom they spread wide,
Thick as the hobbies of man's pride,
That drive with fury down life's race,
As foul, as filthy, and as base!

VIII.

The shops, that make the people stare,
With trinkets, toys and other ware,
Were now all fasten'd, dull and still,
Till day-light should the places fill.
Here snores a man within his walls,
Who got his money by Three Balls;
And there, all quiet and at ease,
The doctor dreams upon his fees;
Oft thinks he that his bell has rung,
And back his curtains then are flung,

Or out of window pops his chin,
And disappointed, takes it in—
As little children on tip-toe,
When waiting for the Lord Mayor's show,
They think each moment now approach
The man in steel and the grand coach.
Such and more strange are men in bed,
And such the fancies of their head;
And so till rous'd by morning beams,
Cheated are they by idle dreams.

IX.

Now on the right the church is seen,
Which to its neighbours is a screen;
Aye, for so high St. Andrew stands,
Scarce any light Shoe-Lane commands,
Proving, by majesty, the awe,
Religious rites should always draw.
But here, adjoining the church-yard,
Assemble the nocturnal guard,
With whom some drunken bucks were join'd,
Who to their care had been resign'd;
Seem'd that these bucks to quarrel took,
'Bout what they never read—*The Book;*
For never knew the watch-house yet,
Such an unruly, ignorant set;

Nor gentle words, nor speeches sweet,
Could their accommodation meet:
One did with violence protest,
Th' EXAMINER *the Book* possess'd:
The other swore he extracts took,
And that THE TIMES possess'd *the book*;
Though now the Constable their rage,
Thought by kind language to assuage;
Yet when they ask'd the constable,
Who had *the book* he cou'd not tell,
And with a kind of careless air,
He wisely said—he did not care.—
The watchmen now began to mock,
Saying no heads but those of block,
Wou'd think of books at two o'clock.

X.

The simple plough-boy shun'd the yard,
For superstition bears most hard
On those who've heard old nurses boast
Of seeing in such place a Ghost.
When Christmas merriments abound,
Such stories generally go round,
While curiosity and dread,
Delight and fright, mark ev'ry head,

Till infancy looks round with fear,
And country lasses lose their cheer.
The prittle-prattle becomes dearer;
The company draw near and nearer;
A sudden start disturbs the prate,
As pussey has thrown down a plate.
Suppose, the terrors aforesaid,
St. Andrew's Parish now display'd,
For who had seen on Holborn-Hill,
Brave Bernard suddenly stand still,
At such a time, in such a way,
If under superstition's sway,
Might well have thought that hell was bent,
The base informer to torment;
While William saunter'd on behind,
As if like trouble seiz'd his mind.

XI.

Nor think to servant maids alone,
These visionary fears are known,
For not confin'd to sex or station,
Is Fancy's busy palpitation;
Hearts hard as rock, as iron stout,
Which kick'd both Love and Pity out,
Have quak'd like feathers in the wind,
Beneath the terrors of the mind.

Bernard had listed when at school,
The wondrous tales of many a fool,
Which secretly his faith beguil'd,
As much as when he was a child.
Alike when a bold, wicked youth,
He thought each idle tale a truth,
Heard with attention at this age,
The wonders of a *Ratcliffe's* page,
And studied with extreme delight,
Romances in the dead of night;
When gossyps love to hear and tell,
Of demon, apparition, hell;
Of Imogene who falsely bragg'd,
And whom to hell Alonzo dragg'd;
Of the base Monk, inured to evil,
Who sold himself unto the Devil:
Or of Don Juan, who, with pride,
The spectre on a horse defied;
And keeping consequence still up,
Invited Mr. Ghost, to sup,
Who true to the appointed hour,
Appear'd, the Spaniard to devour.
Then, to increase the dreadful shock,
They tell the tale of *One o'Clock;*
The fatal hour rings in their ear,
They think that the Wood Demon's near,

And the poor creatures dreading harm,
Show consternation and alarm.

XII.

Thus then were told—with quivering tongue,
Wonders and signs from fancy sprung;
How, at Ringsend, or the Blind Quay,
Where Irishmen were wont to stray,
Or Donnybrook, or Stephen's Green,
Marvellous things were heard and seen.
Strange nightly sights, did they aver,
Appall'd the trembling passenger;
For as such folk must always stretch,
They swore that he beheld a *fetch*—
This is a kind of *living* ghost,
Which squeez'd poor fellows 'gainst a post,
The form of any one, who might
Be distant twenty miles that night.
The list'ner's heart they thus subdue,
Who strives to say a prayer or too;
Curses old women's tales and then,
Endeavours to be brave again,
To give, by acts of vengeance base,
A story for another place.

XIII.

Thus, as a man, a lad, a brat,
Train'd in the wondrous and all that;
With this on Bernard's easy heart,
Rush'd a deep sense of all his art;
Such to his troubled mind their look,
As any *Fetch* in Donnybrook—
And such their sign, as bad almost,
As to be squeez'd against a post,
That grief—whose momentary sway,
Horrid 'twixt Conscience and Dismay—
That grief, no doubt, upon him prey'd,
When this to Will he sudden said—
"William, this place is never trod,
Until day-light sends folks abroad;
Yet here this morning have I jogg'd
A form which seem'd as if it dogg'd;
Twice from my grasp it seem'd to glide,
And hid itself on t'other side.
What say'st thou? are our steps pursued?
Or has your dad been somewhat rude?
If so——" then, rousing from his fit,
He on a gentler subject hit—
Will wou'd have answer'd in some sort,
But Bernard, jumping, cut him short.

"Whoe'er thou art—repent that kick,"
Then scamper'd with uplifted stick.

XIV.

As springs a tom-cat at its prey,
He shot him down the lonesome way;
Hill, lane and street, all witness bear,
To his loud step and frantic air;
Seems that the object of his speed,
Hath reach'd Smithfield, with little heed
Foremost he runs—where cattle lay,
Within their coops for market-day,
Striving each method to get loose,
Foot, hand and knee, are now of use.
William, all foolish with affright,
Views from the path his dreadful plight;
Now over filth and dirt he goes,
Now with the mud bedaubs his clothes;
Now like a monkey on a stump,
He needs must take a furious jump;
Hid in a place with wallowing pigs,
You mark him by the breaking twigs,
And by his stick which fury deals,
And by the kicking of his heels;
And by the sheep disturb'd from rest,
And bulls which bellow at their guest,

Who think that his intruding feet,
Should half a dozen tosses meet.

XV.

Behold, he rises! to prevail
Now resolute—yon slender rail,
Which seems to totter all the time;
What man alive shall dare to climb?
It bears no prop for his support,
Presents no hold of any sort;
Sole stay whereon his foot may rest,
Is but three inches at the best—
Being on such a narrow step,
He scarce can stoop to take a leap;
Just as the dangerous leap he takes,
By heaven, his rotten footstool shakes!
Strength for his mighty weight it lacks,
It bows—it totters and it cracks!
And falling down in pieces lay,
Mixing with others in the way—
The crash proclaim'd aloud the joke—
Broke it alone? alone it broke.
Keeping away from any stones,
The cunning Bernard sav'd his bones;
He trusted to a bed of dirt,
And soon got up again, unhurt.

XVI.

William a cleaner way prefer'd,
And kept aloof from the wild herd;
Rude steps of drovers and such crew,
Render'd the path-way dirty too;
By circuit slow he reach'd the spot,
Where Roughhead had his tumble got;
And when Snow-Hill they walk'd again,
At length they turn'd into Field-Lane.
'Twas a dull scene! the shops all closed,
No handkerchiefs were now exposed—
And thro' an aperture he sees,
A rush-light left to find the keys,
Which having burn'd some hours or so,
Was very nearly on the go;
And in the cellar, on a chair,
Shed a faint glimmer here and there;
All above stairs were not in bed,
For fun was passing overhead—
Some lovers who together met,
Sung forth a favorite duet.

XVII.

'Twas finely sung that sweet duet,
In happiness the lovers met;

But love and harmony, they tell,
Mark'd not at present Dicky's cell.
No dame attended, full of airs,
To show the visitor down stairs;
To purchase aught no Christian drew,
To sell old clothes no Hebrew crew.
No little maiden hum'd an air,
While mopping down a kitchen stair;
In this apartment of the house,
Mov'd not a foot, nor stir'd a mouse;
No kitten gay, with sportive paw,
Play'd with the shadow or a straw;
Unswept, unwash'd, the spiders art,
With cobwebs now fill'd ev'ry part;
All prov'd the master in distress,
All prov'd neglect and dirtiness.
A door which in the corner lay,
Now pointed to a secret way,
With piece of chalk upon this place,
Was rudely drawn a woman's face.
A kind of Token, as it seemed,
Of one who had been much esteemed;
The nose and chin, which had been made,
A likeness of the fair convey'd,
Drawn with some taste, tho' not with skill,
Ability ne'er join'd the will.

Here, lost in thought, with tumble sore,
Stood Bernard gazing at the door.

XVIII.

"It pass'd me like an empty shade,
Before this door it stopp'd," he said—
This door, which leads to, I am sure
Where Dick thinks all his spoils secure.
I hear indeed he lov'd his wife,
Who had transported been for life.
But I am certain he lov'd more
His property, his hidden store,
And that he sketch'd those features rude,
To please him in his solitude—
A noted plunderer I knew,
What time I join'd with David's crew,
Who oft, when we were drinking, spake
Of Avershaw, Bill Jones and Lake;
Audacious rogues! who risk'd so brave,
Their necks the ready cash to have.
Trust not, his wisdom wou'd explain,
Captain or comrade with your gain,
But, seek some cupboard, when, all dark,
No eye can your proceedings mark;
There look and search for all the prey,
And call a *Fetch* to bear away;

Sure servants they, if secret charm,
The absent person should alarm;
Lacks there such cupboard?—peach a rogue,
Who kept his property *incog*,
And bid his discontented *Fetch*,
In the lone cellar nightly stretch—
Such was his tale—faith, by the view
I had just now, I think it true.

XIX.

William, who did not care a pin,
For idle tales began to grin,
Much wondering that a man so brave,
To such a story credence gave.
But yet of Bernard tried to pump,
The kind of form that made him jump.
That blush upon the guilty face,
Oft hidden, never from its place,
Which unawares is glowing hard,
To put the villain off his guard,
And make him at a moment's call,
Spite of himself discover all.
That blush on Bernard's cheek still play'd,
And thinking not of Will, he said—
"It was the form, the foot of Dick,
I felt behind his usual kick—

His shoe, his toe—'twas Dick by Hell,
As when I peach'd him in Pall-Mall."
"Thou peach him?—thou?" his error found,
He stared and then resum'd the sound.
"I peach'd him! I!—but now, I wot,
Thou, youngster, of our scheme knew'st not—
But it is said—and word that's spoke,
Or deed that's done I ne'er revoke.
I peach'd him! I!—for reasons wise,
Dick by my means in kimbo lies."

XX.

William, of tender heart and hand,
Averse to any action grand—
But most averse to noisy strife,
Fond of his ease—a quiet life—
Yet this admirer of sweet lays,
Nurs'd one brave spark of noble blaze;
'Gainst falsehood, malice, or deceit,
His blood rose high, his hand wax'd great—
Not his the body that cou'd bear,
Unshaken, danger, pain or eare;
But when that spark began to flame,
He greater than himself became;
And thus it was, that generous part,
Now drove the blood up to his heart;

He Bernard seiz'd with all his main,
Held fast his skirt and rais'd his cane;
"Shou'd every imp rise from below,
To drag thee hence, I'll not let go—"
Awake there, ho! bring pail and mop,
And scour the spoiler of your shop."

XXI.

A moment fix'd as by a charm,
Stood Bernard—great was his alarm,
That one so gentle, young and tame,
At bully Roughhead should take aim—
But when he found his coat was held,
The fiend with indignation swell'd,
To snatch the cane from William's hand,
To leave him sprawling on the sand,
Could soon be done—another stroke
His noddle with the cane had broke;
But at the moment it arose,
To break his head—his limbs—his nose;
A muffled form, till then unseen,
Presents another cane between,
Hinders the well intended blow,
And keeps poor William from the foe;
Not then uplifted was his stick,
But with the pointed toe to kick,

He told the combatants to stop,
And ordered Bernard from the shop.
"Go and repent," he said—"employ
Thy time well; add not *Read* to *Foy*."

XXII.

Wild, and bewilder'd, and all scared,
As on a *Fetch* now Bernard stared;
'Twas Dicky's manner bold and stout,
His squinting eye—his Roman snout;
His high commanding tone—his frown—
His fist that's ready to knock down;
His jolly form, round-built and thick—
His sandy hair—'twas Mr. Dick!
Tho' Bernard's superstition fed
A thousand thoughts and all of dread;
For faith it seem'd too great a stretch,
The form he saw as Dicky's *Fetch*—
But more he fear'd it, if indeed,
His Captain, from his fetters freed.
What *Fetch* can Tipperary send,
More frightful than an injured friend?
Then, too, the customary *slang*
Us'd by the leader of the gang,
When Roughhead under his command,
Had forced the traveller to stand,—

Struck him—and with dejected look,
Backwards a step or too he took;
Oft frown'd and oft on Dicky gazed,
And red as heated poker blazed;
But when of feet he heard the tread,
Ran up the cellar steps and fled—
Short also was the other's stay,
Retiring thro' a backward way;
But first young William caution'd he,
" Tell thou to none that Dick is free."

XXIII.

Will on these words remain'd intent,
But knew not what the deuce they meant.
When nearer now the gang he heard,
And with his father they appear'd;
Of bravoes arm'd, as fierce a set
As e'er in Field-Lane cellar met.
" My son," he said, " why look so queer?
Where's Bernard? Why that sparring air?
Will made ambiguous reply,
(For Dick's advice had made him shy.)
Bernard has fled—the scoundrel's speech,
Own'd that he did his Captain peach!
Ev'n now we box'd—but when your feet
He heard, he ran into the street."—

Now Jemmy's conscious looks gave scope
To guilty fear, to guilty hope;
The hair stood frighten'd on his head,
And his tongue falter'd as he said—

XXIV.

"Informer! Dick to jail was ta'en,
Because the evidence was plain;
William, or Bernard or you rave,
Yet grant he information gave,
High words were vain—let him beware,
Or he like fate may also share."
A ruddy youth before him stood,
Brave Jokeby's friend—of valiant mood;
Some matters of great weight to tell,
He came that night to Clerkenwell,
And now had join'd with Jemmy's set,
An answer for his friend to get.
His stick so bulky at the head,
A fine *shellelagh*, as 'tis said,
Ne'er gave a stroke more fierce or high,
Than he at Maddox's reply—
He tapp'd his box, applied his snuff,
(His LUNDY-FOOT) and utter'd gruff.

XXV.

"Yes—I beheld him in Pall-Mall,
And wish'd the fellow then in hell,
Just as I thought a bone to pick,
Delusive hope! with Mr. Dick.
And shall th' informer 'scape, who told
Of one so generous and bold?
Escape! while in the mud you view
The marks of his gigantic shoe?
No! 'ere the broom that mud shall sweep,
Base Roughhead shall good manners keep—
The signal whistle loudly ring,
Together all our comrades bring.
Meantime disperse—hide, fellows, hide,
Watch well the lane on every side;
But if there's one among you all,
Who's sorry for poor Dicky's fall,
Let him be ready at my call?—
Else see the truly brave with shame,
And an Informer be your name!

XXVI.

Instant young TERENCE turn'd his back—
Instant the cellar rung with clack

Of twenty men of Jemmy's crew,
Who lack'd no orders what to do.
Terence his kerchief tighter drew,
His great coat round him button'd too;
Held his shillelagh very fast,
Then Holborn gain'd—his foot-steps pass'd,
Howling, like men at Irish wakes,
"Oh honey, oh!" and off he makes.
Scarce heard was James, he cried so low,
"Damnation! aye, pursue him—go.
But have a care—don't be too rude,
To one that's desperate when pursu'd—
Whoever finds him, knock him down,
Five pounds to him who splits his crown!"

XXVII.

The bravoes flew—their search began,
Up alley, lane and court they ran;
Deep now in Holborn was the track
Of Terence and his eager pack;
With them was William, tir'd to death,
And grudging Terence half his breath,
And striving to keep up—But where
Is Maddox, Dicky's friend sincere?
He, bound by honor, truth and might,
Avenger of his brother's plight—

Sitting upon a dirty stone,
With drooping head and heavy moan,
And rattling teeth and madd'ning brains,
In heavy sorrow he remains!
His downcast eye is on the ground,
His ear is prick'd to every sound;
For in each cry that fills the place,
May howl detection and disgrace.

XXVIII.

What 'vail'd it him that brightly shone
The morning sun upon the stone?
All seems in dancing mood to play,
Like objects in a foggy day,
Appearing to the mortal eyes,
Imperfectly to fall and rise—
What 'vail'd it, that the plate and gain,
Which had been lock'd up in Field-Lane,
The prey of many a dang'rous hour,
Long envied, now were in his pow'r?
The filthiest dungeon, at this time,
E'er man confined for any crime,
Had been his choice, could such a state,
Have rescued Dicky from his fate;
Forc'd, too, with patience to submit
To all the jokes of fun and wit;

Crack'd by the wags who walk the street,
And laugh at every thing they meet.
He dare not from his posture rise,
Nor raise to mighty heav'n his eyes;
Or call on Hell, since he had lost,
That honor thieves should always boast.

XXIX.

At length the tedious time o'er past,
Back came the straggling crew at last;
Breathless and panting—limping on,
Returned the bullies, one by one.
William came also to declare,
That Bernard cou'd be found no where;
Tho' Terence still, with desperate cane,
Pursued the hopeless quest in vain.
O terrible is mortals' way!
What tyrant passions passions sway!
From Maddox' brow remorse is fled,
And avarice triumphs in its stead;
The threats of terror being hid,
Thus to reply their slave they bid—

XXX.

" Pish—let him rove the city round,
And if that mother's son be found,

A fig care I which gets the blows,
If Terence's or Roughhead's nose.
Hush—not a word, thou simple lad,
Thy Kitty, all so coy and sad
To thee, is very free indeed
To that bold youth of Irish breed;
She will thy tender ditties hear,
And give a cup of tea with cheer;
Not taking too your lips amiss,
She'll frankly give—a loving kiss;
His she avoids, or, when she must,
She kisses him with false disgust,
While tell-tale eyes at once declare,
His lips are sweetest to the fair.
Whene'er he sings she's ravish'd quite,
And her heart dances with delight.
Yet, never using language free,
She speaks but with civility.
These are strong proofs—yet wherefore cry,
And, like a lady, spoil the eye?
Thine shall she be, if thou'lt give heed,
To one who is thy friend indeed.

XXXI.

Scarce wert thou gone to range about,
When genuine tidings I found out;

Brave MUGGINS brought a glorious prize,
The booty in my keeping lies;
Three Constables are on the watch,
Tatters and that bold rogue to catch:
Robbers and thieves, so proud of late,
On me must for concealment wait;
Of these, whom now the runners dog,
Is Jokeby, gentleman *incog.*
Deliver'd up he soon shall be,
Unless his maid be given to thee.
Go, court her now, with harmless chat,
While her poor heart beats pit-a-pat.
This is the time to win your dear,
By whispering nonsense in her ear;
Love, tenderness and courtesy,
Will certainly triumphant be;
And the bold swain who sues the Miss,
May, if he pleases, toy and kiss.

END OF CANTO SECOND.

CANTO III.

I.

The ravenous tribes of earth and air,
Will their own brethren always spare;
Nature, who's partial to her race,
Has taught them not to be so base.
The sparrow, hopping all around,
Watches the maggot on the ground;
The mastiff worries the poor cat,
The ferret presses on the rat;
The linnet catches at the fly,
The spider comes upon it sly;
Ev'n grunting pig and kitten gay,
Will not on their own species prey—
Man only against nature fights,
As he in hurting man delights;

To every kind of mischief prone,
Nose-breaking, cuffs and knocking down—
Since Cain, the first man's eldest son,
This cruel enmity begun.

II.

The mastiff, picking up a bone,
Who hears the butcher throw a stone;
And knows in market there's a score,
Ready to throw a dozen more.
He, when by sly and nimble ways,
To baffle all their strokes essays;
Now lurking in an alley near,
Begins to gnaw the bone with fear.
Now taking up his spoil again,
Runs off to a more secret lane;
He, skill'd in all those tricks indeed,
Knows not, nor practises such speed,
As Roughhead, when for an attack,
His enemies were at his back;
At Drury-Lane those nimble ways,
He studied in his early days,
When Bluebeard and Pizarro brought,
Such sums of money as 'twas thought,
Affording pickpockets the means
Of robbing gentry in their teens.

And much his roguish life had proved,
Those tricks which as a lad he loved.

III.

Oft had he shown, in park and street,
Each requisite of a retreat:
The wand'ring eye, the list'ning ear,
The sudden thought when danger's near,
The speed, in taking to the heels,
That beat even a mail coach's wheels;
The hardy limb, the ready art,
To run, to stop, to hide, to start;
The nimble leg, inured to tread
The roughest stone in time of dread;
Nor less inclin'd to pace the ground,
When cries of "Stop—stop thief," abound.
These arts he prov'd, so loth to lose
Existence by Jack Ketch's noose.
At Covent Garden, at Vauxhall,
Or where there is a rout or ball,
When oft the constables, in vain,
Pursued the advocates for gain,
Those arts, oft practis'd in the lurch,
Must save him now by Giles's church.

IV.

'Twas then, in hour of threat'ning ill,
He prov'd his valour, haste and skill;
Now slow he walk'd along with heed,
Now helter-skelter ran with speed,
Oft turning to the left and right,
To keep out of pursuers' sight;
Now climb'd the rails ascending high,
To see if any one were nigh.
Now sought the Seven-Dials next,
By which his foes might be perplext;
But when he Monmouth-Street attains,
There trample feet and flourish canes.
When up Broadway again he ran,
He heard the footsteps of a man
Running with all his might and main,
As if he meant to use his cane.
'Twas then—like bull that's savage made,
By butchers, boys, and dogs way-laid;
Counter'd, which ever way he stirs,
By noisy brats and barking curs,
Who meditates, thus driven mad,
To toss the butcher, dog and lad.
'Twas then that Bernard's choler burst,
Prompting to face the very worst.

But as that humble bull, when cut,
And to a little torture put,
Walks on without intent to butt,
Bernard forbears to show his face,
And couches in a dirty place,
Stooping his head lest passers by
Might his uncommon figure spy.

V.

Then Bernard might the tricks survey
Of the bold youth who led the way;
Who stopp'd to listen to each shout,
Climb'd every post to look about,
Then rushing on with lifted cane,
Explor'd each dirty court and lane—
'Twas Terence—by the wicked look,
'Twas Terence—by the stick he shook;
While oaths in Irish accents flow,
Mein, phiz, and form, young Terence show.
A form more nimble, strait and stout,
Never walk'd Westminster about;
The bashful but the noble mein,
Might grace indeed a tragic queen.
Handsomer face you'd find than his,
For sun and wind spoil'd Terence' phiz;

Nor did it boast, from dirt when free,
The appearance of gentility;
Whether the *hoax* and cunning lie,
Gave spirits to his wicked eye;
Or wrinkled brow and look so keen,
Or redden'd cheek spoke Irish spleen,
Or dull and mournful looks declare
The bottle low and pocket bare;
Or in that bother'd state of mind,
When feelings contrary are join'd;
When joy to melancholy clings,
And fear begins to clip hope's wings;
When doubts blithe extacy subdue,
And anger gives a kick or two.
In that strange state which charms the miss,
Tho' she denies the wish'd for kiss;
To every change his looks inclin'd,
As weather-cock denotes the wind.

VI.

Well Roughhead Terence knew indeed,
And wonder'd he the lads should lead
To duck him for poor Dicky's fate,
Who had himself this Dicky's hate,
For never felt his breast that share
Of kindness the good-natur'd bear;

Much less that honor among foes,
Which one rogue to another owes.
But there's no time to think or sigh,
Terence is come, no matter why;
And twice that Terence popp'd his nose,
Where Roughhead quak'd for fear of blows.
The very struggle now to breathe,
Made his feet totter underneath,
And desperate twice he meant to rise,
And plunge his fist in t'other's eyes.
But Terence went a different road,
And now his breath much freer flow'd,
And Roughead held it wise, his place
To keep and not to shew his face.
Thus, secret in his hole, the mouse,
When greedy cats frequent the house,
Watches with eagerness and fear,
Prepared, if wicked paw come near,
To run into the hole more deep,
And at a proper distance keep;
But if th' intruders go away,
He then comes out, as well he may,
Nibbles the cheese without control,
And seeks perhaps another hole.

VII.

But Bernard when he raised his head,
And cock'd his ears to what was said,
And Terence' dreadful menace caught,
Oft to himself thus sternly thought,
" Terence O'Rourke—wert thou and I,
At a fair box our strength to try,
With no shillelagh in thy hand,
For such a stick none can withstand;
That tongue of thine which speaks that threat,
Shou'd ne'er the saucy words repeat;
No! nor e'er sing a pretty air,
Again in private to a fair."
Forgotten, died away at last,
The dreadful menaces which past.
Alone he treads St. Giles's ground,
Nor hears he now a harsher sound
Than the loud striking of the clock,
Or now and then a lodger's knock;
And in the street so dull and lone,
The lamps expiring scarcely shone.

VIII.

He listen'd long with secret dread,
Ear bent to hear and foot to tread—

And, while attention's on the watch,
Refused his weary limbs to stretch.
'Twas silence all—he took a seat,
Where steps he found in Denmark-Street;
And here he stretch'd himself alone,
And made his pillow of a stone.
Now, tired to death, he careless eyed
The lofty Church upon his side,
Which with Apollo seem'd to rise,
Approximating e'en the skies.
As dwarf is with a giant deem'd,
Its neighbours lilliputians seem'd,
Making in form, its steeple hid,
A kind of Indian Pyramid—
Then, sick of gazing on that place,
He turn'd away his languid face,
To where Soho adorns the scene,
Tho' narrow alleys intervene:
One, leading sinners to High Mass,
While Catholics for ever pass;
And further on is Dudley-Court,
Where lads and lasses have some sport;
Where stands a *New Jerusalem*,
Which to its neighbours is a gem;
So bad the houses, 'tis allow'd,
That *New Jerusalem* looks PROUD;

But those attending on its call,
Must turn their backs upon St. Paul.
Such was the scene's variety,
That feasted Bernard's gazing eye.

IX.

In sullen mood he sat alone,
Revolving, on the dirty stone,
The wicked deed, the naughty trick,
By which he *dickied* his friend Dick.
A trick, it seem'd, so bad and stale,
As brought his *fetch* to him from gaol;
Then pondering on the drubbing meant
By Maddox who had Terence sent,
With wicked purpose to detain,
So seem'd it, Mr. Dicky's gain.
Immediate kicking he design'd
For Terence, saucy and unkind;
A kick for William—for his dad
A dozen kicks, by all that's bad!
If, in that state (as stories go,
And well believed that time of woe,)
Old Nick has any kind of sway,
To profit by an evil day.
Here sood a scoundrel, ready quite,
To risk salvation for his spite!

But tho' his ardent wishes, which
Now rose to an uncommon pitch,
Were all for vengeance dark and fell,
As well might find their way to hell;
No mist was plac'd before his eyes,
No knockings fill'd him with surprise;
The devil knew his man too well,
And work'd not by a needless spell.

X.

Oft on his meditation broke,
The form of Dick—was it a joke?
Or had he seen, by fancy's aid,
That very Dick whom he betray'd?
Or had that man, a jail his home,
In propria persona come?
Resolv'd to find the secret out,
His eyes, that wander'd now about,
Counter'd at once a sudden form,
Like something driv'n by wind or storm,
At once to go to cuffs he rose,
But no one saw to take his blows.
He heard the breezes' murmuring sound,
He heard the tiles fall on the ground;
The watchman, hanging down his head,
Was snoring loud as if in bed—

He stared, like a fond doating swain,
And squatted on the stone again;
'Twas but, he thought, an empty shade,
Which thus was suddenly display'd—
Then plung'd again into a heap
Of thoughts preposterous and deep;
Until a voice began to greet—
"Bernard, well met in Denmark-Street."

XI.

Quickly his fist took up a stone,
As quickly on the ground 'twas thrown;
Yet dubious still, he slily glanc'd,
At him who from St. Giles advanc'd.
"Tom Spriggins!—Is it thou?" he cried,
"Do we two meet on Broad-Street side?
But stop—speak what thou dost intend,
Whether thou comest as foe or friend?
They say that Spriggins was, I know,
By Jokeby turn'd out with a blow."
"A blow I owe that hot O'Rourke,
Who told his captain, when at work,
That I got secret booty still,
In Holloway and Pentonville.
I care not. In a gang to stay,
Where but the captain has his way,

Suits ill my mood; and better sport
Awaits us both, if thou'rt, in short,
Bold Roughhead, the same wicked sort,
By whose assistance once I stole,
A watch from Hockley-in-the-hole.
What say'st thou?" "Speak in language clear,
To riddles I ne'er lend an ear."

XII.

"Then hear—not far a party hide,
Of valiant dogs, already tried,
Pick'd from both gangs—men, who despise
To cant and to deceive with lies;
And gentlemen, who, just like me,
Spurn at the ways of flattery.
Wiser we judge, by means and ways,
A booty of our own to raise,
Than counter danger here and there,
For nothing—a mere paltry share.
Our schemes are laid—we're all agreed,
As yet a Captain tho' we need—
Thou art a vagrant, it is said,
Pursued for having Dick betray'd—
A ducking meant—so our friends say,
Who have been passing thro' that way—

Join then with us; altho' as yet,
We are a very wrangling set,
Each, loth by any to be led,
We'll make a man like thee our head."

XIII.

"Even now," thought Bernard, "in the dumps,
I call'd on Nick, and up Nick jumps!
What want I, vengeance to pursue,
But such a set of robbers true?
This Spriggins, practised in all evil,
Might be school-master to the devil.
So, 'tis enough! each rogue and elf,
I'll make a servant to myself."
Raising his voice, "I thank you, Tom,
But tell me where do you come from?"
"Not many yards," Tom Spriggins cried,
"Cross with me to the other side,
We'll in five minutes reach the door:"
"Do thou," said Bernard, "go before."—
Then mutter'd—"I'll be very sly,
Tom Spriggins' word is all my eye."—
He follow'd him round Buckridge-Street,
With very sore and weary feet;
Into a dirty place they popp'd,
And then before a building stopp'd.

XIV.

Now Bernard pannic-struck appear'd,
When underneath he voices heard;
But when Tom rais'd a secret board,
His spirits were somewhat restor'd;
He saw, appearing to the eye,
A little entrance snug and sly,
Like opening vault of church-yard lone,
Containing many a human bone.
There ventured Spriggins, Bernard there,
And loud and louder in the air,
As if it came thro' a trap-door,
Resounded now the merry roar.
Of old, the cellar, neat and clean,
With white-wash made a splendid scene;
Caricatures and pictures rare,
Even now were scattered here and there;
Where, in the memory of the old,
Muffins and crumpets had been sold.
But plunder spoil'd the muffin trade,
And the poor cellar now was made
A refuge place, the rendezvous
Of Spriggins and his wicked crew.
There vice had studied to ransack;
There from the table, in a crack,

Intemperance took the bottle up,
Tho' empty, trying for a sup—
Remorse was there, in doleful dumps,
With vain repining on his trumps;
Among the guests too also came,
Sorrow and undissembled shame;
And Blasphemy, stark staring mad,
Swearing by all that's good and bad—
While Bernard prov'd among the crew,
The master-savage Shakespeare drew.

XV.

Hark! how the table now they beat,
The leader of the gang to greet;
Behold the group there entertain'd,
While all the knives and forks are chain'd.
By what strange features vice is prone
To let her votaries be known;
But some there are whose looks withstand
A deep impression of her brand.
See yon dull urchin! when a boy,
His mammy's pet, his daddy's joy;
While with his twirling thumbs he plays,
An image strikes of early days;
The dwelling, once his dad's, he views,
At no great distance from the Mews,

He sees the lads and lasses sport,
And shares the fun of Orange-Court.
A tear is starting—but the clack
Of some rude tongue a joke to crack,
Made all with a horse-laugh fall back.
On him they call, the aptest swain
For merry tale and jovial strain;
Fast flies his dream—without dismay,
As one who drives despair away,
He bids the gin be push'd about,
'Till grief and reason were kick'd out,
And soon with merry burthen he,
The soul of all their jollity,
Roars his loud song—The muse, sometimes,
Can find in a low cellar rhymes,
Mix'd with coarse words, no matter what,
Both ungrammatical and flat—
With boisterous eagerness he sung,
The cellar to the burthen rung;
A pang or two tho' Conscience sent,
To mingle with his merriment.

XVI.

SONG.

Oh Giles's lads are brave and gay,
The pride of Dyott-Street;
And though in dwellings low they stay,
Yet snug is their retreat.
And as I walk'd thro' Russel-Square,
To see what I could see,
A fair one from a window there,
Was singing merrily.

CHORUS.

"Oh Giles's lads are brave and gay,
The pride of Dyott-Street;
I'd rather with my Cymon stray,
Than live in country seat."

If, fair, thou wou'dst for me agree,
To leave this house and place,
Thou first must guess what boys are we,
Who sweet St. Giles's grace.
And if thou can'st this riddle tell,
As tell you may with ease,
Then shalt thou enter soon our cell,
As merry as you please.

CHORUS.

Yet sung she "Giles's lads are gay,
The pride of Dyott-Street;
I'd rather with my Cymon stray,
Than live in country seat."

XVII.

"I guess you by your awkward feet,
And by your stoop to boot;
I guess you for a taylor meet,
To make a marriage *suit*."
"A taylor, madam, bends his knees,
And not for sake of prayer;
His legs are always fix'd at ease,
And mine are here and there."

CHORUS.

Yet sung she, "Giles's lads are gay,
The pride of Dyott-Street;
I wish I cou'd with Cymon stray,
And see his snug retreat."

"By the fine compliments I've met,
And by your gallant airs,
I guess you for a 'Squire's valet,
Who for him lies and swears."

"No servant I to any Squire,
And yet a place have I,
And when that trials hard require,
I can both swear and lie."

CHORUS.

And Oh tho' Giles's lads are gay,
The pride of Dyott-Street,
Yet never lass with me shall stray,
To see our snug retreat.

XVIII.

"Lady, a shameful life I lead,
A shameful death I'll die;
The man who labours hard for bread,
Were better spouse than I.
And when I meet my comrades rare,
In places distant far;
We all forget what once we were,
Nor think on what we are.

CHORUS.

Yet Giles's lads are bold and gay,
The pride of Dyott-Street;
And ever true and merry they,
Within their snug retreat."

When Cymon ceased his foolish air,
All silent every one was there,
'Till one more rude arous'd the throng,
By roaring out a bawdy song;
But, in a corner, cheek by joul,
Spriggins and Bernard, many a soul,
For speedy execution, meant,
While Bernard's mind was still intent
On seizing Dicky's spoils 'ere long,
Tho' much he feared his wicked tongue,
When his design it should explain,
Wou'd conjure up the *Fetch* again.

XIX.

At length he told his tale of fear,
His comrade grinn'd from ear to ear,
For, train'd in vice of ev'ry sort,
He of a parson wou'd make sport.
Then think with what derision he
Held stories of a nursery.
The dread of Bernard's fist scarce broke
The thread of his untimely joke.
"'Twere hard," he said, "for any one,
The subject of your fear to con;
Nor do I know the art so well,
Appearances and signs to tell;

Yet cou'd I credit what you say,
That a man's spirit thus could stray,
As miser walks his building o'er,
Bidding the thief not touch his store;
This doubt remains—thy stupid *Fetch*
Cou'd but have walk'd his limbs to stretch;
For wherefore about Field-Lane strole,
When now in Hockley-in-the-hole
Is lodg'd all that he got of worth,
By picking pockets and so forth?"

XX.

At this he stopp'd—for anger's frown,
Made Roughhead hang his noddle down;
He frown'd to think that he shou'd puff
Of what appear'd such idle stuff,
So cough'd and took a pinch of snuff.
"Spriggins," cried he, "tho' now in jail,
Do not against the valiant rail;
For, while at large, at Dicky's look,
Thy marrow-bones, Tom Spriggins, shook!
And when he swore he'd break thy bones,
For making free with Sally Jones,
I saw thee like a terrier crouch,
Whose back hath felt the lash's touch;

Nor dare to call his hard-earn'd wealth,
The fruit of pilfering and stealth;
'Twas won by pistol in his hand,
When coaches stopp'd at his command:
Mark too—I put up with no sneer,
Nor couple Bernard's name with fear;
But half-after old Nick I take,
For I believe, but never quake—
Enough of this—say, why this hoard,
At Hockley-in-the-hole is stor'd;
Or why thou think'st that Dicky gave
His booty to so great a knave?"

XXI.

Soon Spriggins ceas'd his jokes to crack;
He'd rather that the walls all black,
Brought fifty *fetches* on his back,
Than venture any more to rouse,
The deadly frowns of Roughhead's brows.
Submiss he answer'd—"Dicky's mind
Thou know'st was never very kind—
When young, 'tis said, he us'd to be
With all his play-fellows quite free,
But when return'd from Battersea,
A selfish and a sullen cast,
Hath made him dev'lish rude at last.

Hence he refus'd, whenever prest,
To take pot-luck as Jokeby's guest;
And our brave Captain, at mid-day,
Who lov'd about the park to stray;
Nor less, when darkness reign'd profound,
To see the bumper-toast go round,
Took it to heart a friend so near,
Refused to share his cheese and beer;
Thus did the leaders spit their spite,
Till they forgot each other quite:
Yet trust me, friend, the lovely Kate
Is destin'd heir of Dick's estate."

XXII.

Destin'd to her!—to that proud jade!
At my life's hazard, I, my aid
To poison horses, lately gave,
That I might all his wagers save!—
Spriggins, I knew him well, yet ne'er
Knew him a man of wit and cheer,
Whom youthful friends and early sport,
Denominated *that's your sort.*
A stupid dog, he sought our crew,
Sullen and mute, whom no one knew,
And rose, as men with us must *rise,*
By scorning *Ketch,* and all his *ties.*

He car'd not whom he stopp'd to rob,
Most *headstrong*, when he'd a *crack'd nob;*
On his sad brow nor grin nor love,
Cou'd e'er one wrinkled knot remove;
Dev'lish unlucky was a grin,
For 'twas with hopes to take you in;
But a horse laugh, each luckless friend
Might deem an omen of his end.
Instant he join'd in every broil,
Then laid his fingers on their spoil:
Nay, often strove to keep the whole,
And make a fool of every soul.
Talking, ev'n then, to such as we,
Proud of each daring robbery,
Of vice and prodigality!

XXIII.

"I priz'd him much—his roguish ways,
His sullen humour, won my praise;
And after each nefarious game,
'Twas I that wrangled for his claim,
Agreed he should the booty bear,
Which all the others wish'd to share;
In field and road thrice sav'd his *sconce*,
And 'mid our parties' quarrel once.

Yes, I have prized thee! well adviz'd,
Hath prov'd my counsel how I priz'd!
Yet dev'l may care now for thy fate,
Ingrate at large, in jail ingrate.
Come, if thou cans't!" he squinted round,
And threw his hat upon the ground;
Come, with thy foot which ne'er was slack,
Even as this morn it kick'd my back,
And tell me, if thou dar'st, I *crack!*"
He stopp'd—then passion being done,
Told Spriggins he might now go on.

XXIV.

"Bernard, I need not let thee know,
What thou hast heard sometime ago,
How Dick of a dejected mind,
To the *Blue Devils* was inclin'd;
But since he bade thee go to hell,
A maid, not far from Clerkenwell,
Whose voice, like Catalina's lips,
Charm'd the poor fellow from his hips.
I know not if, in face, she proved,
A likeness of the wife he loved,
But he wou'd gaze upon her skin,
'Till his frown chang'd into a grin.

He, unto whom no soul, in play,
A penny for your thoughts, durst say.
Now every thought, and every care,
Confided to his niece so fair.
Her love stuck to him during life,
In spite of all domestic strife,
And, by his orders, some brave men,
Carried three chests, well corded then,
From Dick's abode, at midnight deep,
At Hockley-in-the-hole to keep,
Laden with many a precious thing
His gift, shou'd he 'fore Newgate swing."

XXV.

"Then Spriggins, as I smoke, has guests,
To lay their fingers on those chests?
Else wherefore stay so much at home,
Who used continually to roam,
The ring-leader of every broil,
And foremost in purloining spoil?—
Since never did a noise begin,
That Tom had not a hand therein:
Or where the box that did not sure,
Prove Spriggins was an *amateure?*"
"I'm still the same—my comrades wise,
A certain fair will soon surprise;

At Hockley-in-the-hole she sleeps,
Near Clerkenwell the lady keeps;
That I have something in my eye,
Won't Bernard tell me, by and by?
Were Jokeby's daughter but secured,
We'll have the chests then, be assured."

XXVI.

"That's right!—the thought is very good,
Miss Kitty is by William woo'd,
And blust'ring Terence too, they swear,
Pays his addresses to the fair.
Bernard she scorn'd—if met, good lack!
The little hussy turn'd her back,
Like a proud minx who turns aside,
From any man she can't abide:
She said one day to Mr. Dick,
The sight of me wou'd make her sick
I was so ugly——she may spue,
To find my phiz is in her view!—
Th' Old Bailey's weeded Jokeby's train,
Few of his followers remain;
Shou'd thy plan fail, as fail it might,
We're strong enough to have a fight;
Bear off the lady and each trunk,
And leave the dwelling in a funk."

XXVII.

" Still art thou brave in ev'ry step,
But let us look before we leap;
The people in the dwelling, true,
Are devilish quarrelsome, tho' few;
To make a stir—to give a knock—
The iron-bar—the patent lock"——
" Psha! if we stumble o'er a straw,
What booty shall we ever draw?
Our greatest danger in this job,
Can only be a broken nob;
And the reward for being brave,
Will be the earnings of a knave."
" A while attend to reason, pray,
When there's before you a safe way,
Thou wou'dst not chuse—a drunkard's mode,
Or Bedlamite's—a boggy road.
List then—for safety or remark,
I know each lane and passage dark;
With all 'bout Hockley-in-the-hole,
I am acquainted, 'pon my soul:
And there's an avenue, I wot,
That leads unto a secret spot;
Now, cou'd a few of us but find
A way into the house behind,

We'd make their coward hearts to throb,
And gain the prize—so help me Bob!"

XXVIII.

"Now talk'st thou well—'tis all alike,
If I by force or cunning strike;
Like fox my subtle tricks I'll play,
Or like a tyger seize my prey.
But hush?—I see our merry throng,
Are going to have another song."——

SONG.

"A pretty face is thine, sweet lass,
A pretty face is thine;
Thy cheeks the rose's hue surpass,
Thy skin is soft and fine!
A crabbed look, an awkward air,
Uncooth, but very free;
A lover of each noisy Fair—
No more you know of me,
My dear!
No more you know of me.

"This morn is blithesome May, I trow,
The Chimney-Sweepers' reign—
Whose faces shall be white as snow,
'Ere we two meet again."

As thus he spake he turn'd his back,
  Without a kind embrace;
And making both his fingers crack,
  Said, "'That for your pretty face
                My dear!
  And that for your pretty face."

XXIX.

"What lad is that who's sitting there,
The best for roaring out an air?
In his soft voice upon my word
There's something pleasant tho' absurd."
"Cymon of Chelsea he is called:
In childhood he was much extolled—
He promise then of valour gave,
But now he is not near so brave.
I watch him close—his ready tear
Is indication oft of fear.
Some dying-speech no doubt he's read,
Which makes the fellow hang his head.
Yet he is useful—of our set,
By fits the may-game and the pet;
His fiddle, story, and his air,
Oft serve to drive away dull care;
When unemploy'd our merry crew,
Don't care a farthing what they do—

He's clearing now his voice—'ere long
We may expect a blither song.

XXX.

SONG.

Phelim O'Neale.

Phelim O'Neale makes an end when beginning;
Phelim O'Neale has threads without spinning;
Phelim O'Neale always bad *soles* is mending,
Yet Phelim O'Neale to preaeh ne'er is pretending.
Come, guess at my riddle—come list to my tale,
And tell me the trade of brave Phelim O'Neale.

The master who has a fine shop at command,
Appears in his own eyes prodigiously grand—
The goods make a show and the gentlefolks stare,
The windows are large and there's plenty of air;
Yet the air of the street and the blast of the gale,
Is less free to John Hobson than Phelim O'Neale.

Phelim O'Neale was never so great,
Tho' his awl be as sharp and his work too as neat.
Phelim O'Neale was no master at all,
Tho' plenty of customers came to his stall;
And many the neighbours who begg'd a good deal,
To have their soles mended by Phelim O'Neale.

Phelim O'Neale lack d a wife for a prop,
The mother she ask'd if he had any shop?
" Tho' wide is Whitechapel, the houses not small,
My stall," cried bold Phelim, " is snug and that's all.
The roof is a shelter 'gainst snow, rain and hail,
While my elbows are going," said Phelim O'Neale.

The father was steel and the mother was brass;
She swore thro' her threshold he never should pass,
But loud on the morrow, the hue and the cry,
For he got the damsel all cunning and sly,
And four lovely boys at one birth was the tale,
Matthew, Mark, Luke & *John* for Phelim O'Neale.

XXXI.

" If sad or merry, thou seest plain,
Love mingles ever in his strain;
But when he takes a parting draught,
The fellow has both wit and craft.
O! he's an oddity—can be,
Both dull and lively as you see."
" Nay, then, thy project, Tom, to aid——
Ha! who comes here?" " My trusty blade."
" Speak, Peter, hast been looking out?"—
" I have—Pall-Mall and all about—
I watch'd each house as I walk'd slow
From James's-Street up to Soho.—

But Jemmy Maddox caught my eye;
And then young Terence passing by,
Shot down to overtake his friend,
Much, as it seemed, did they intend.
But there is time enough to roam,
Before these fellows can get home."
Bernard, in accents, quick and low,
Did then his will to Spriggins show,
Who, turning to the ruffian set,
Bade four the bravest pistols get.

END OF CANTO THIRD.

CANTO IV.

I.

When morning's cock began his round,
Majestic strutting on the ground—
'Till, crowing loud, his matin notes,
Bade all the lads put on their coats;
And all the lasses to arouse,
And get the pails to milk the cows,
Which in wild tumult scamper on,
From Kentish-Town or Islington.
By country boors, for ever rude,
Now either driven or pursued,
'Till they assemble at the spot,
Where pails in readiness are got.
But some, who while their duggs are prest,
Are never quiet or at rest.

Perhaps the girl has press'd too hard,
A kick is therefore her reward,
And oft it happens in her fall,
Down tumble pail, the milk and all.
Others however are more tame,
And of good beasts receive the name.

II.

But Doctor J——r err'd, I ween,
When he imagined he could screen
The human race, both young and old,
From the small pox's dreadful hold,
Transferring, by a novel plan,
Animal humours into man.
O better were those tricks confin'd,
To Doctors *of the quacking* kind.
Some at the strange discov'ry laugh,
And call each cow-doctor a *calf*.
Others, of Irish manners full,
Swear each cow-doctor makes a *bull*.
But grant 'tis true—we must allow,
There's wondrous virtue in a cow.
We must ascribe it all to Jove,
The time of his illicit love;
When Juno's anger he so fear'd,
That Iö as a cow appear'd.

But grey Philosophy ne'er fails,
To shake his head at idle tales;
While Childhood, apprehending harm,
Shrieks and withdraws its little arm.

III.

"Here squat we down," exclaim'd Miss Kate,
And saying this she took a seat;
"Chance met, we'll talk of this and that,
And pass an hour in harmless chat.
Thou, William, ever meet and true,
Must tell me what I ought to do;
And, Terence, thou must not be rude,
Nor on my modesty intrude,
For there's a charge left to my care,
Not very safe with me I swear.
A kind of orphan and alone,
As dad to hide himself is gone."
For William, who was made a pet,
She quickly rose a chair to get,
Then stopp'd and fiddled with her gown,
Nor bade poor Terence to sit down.
He saw the coyness of the fair,
And help'd himself unto a chair;
Which careless by her side he plac'd,
And then his arm clapp'd round her waist.

IV.

The handkerchief in which she dress'd,
Half cover'd Kitty's lovely breast—
Half hid and half expos'd to sight,
A bosom beautifully white.
The rouge, laid on so faint and thin,
Now scarcely ting'd the maiden's skin;
That you had said she painted not,
Yet when she fac'd a fire was hot,
Or sung, or drank, or chanc'd to hear
The praise of any she lov'd dear;
Or, in a passion, or a storm,
When rage had ruffled all her form;
The mounting blood, then dancing wild,
Rivall'd the carrot which is boil'd;
There was a bold and steady air,
A dignity about the fair,
That of the noble sort partook,
A frown of scorn, a saucy look;
Her countenance for ever told
A mind resolv'd, undaunted, bold—
'Tis that in Salmon's wax-works seen,
To represent the tragic queen.

V.

In hours of fun, that gloom gave way,
To fancy ever light and gay,
And when abroad, to harmless mirth
The joke, or song, or dance gave birth.
Her doating dad would often crack,
His Kate was loveliest of the pack.
But days of plunder and such crimes,
Did not allow these merry times;
And the *ennui* which seiz'd the fair,
Had now become downright despair;
In Clerkenwell her father lurk'd,
Poor Dick was knab'd, her friends hard work'd,
While every ill she call'd to mind,
From Jemmy, wickedly inclin'd,
And thought that on a future day,
She should be sent to Botany Bay—
All tended to dejection's mood,
And left her in the dumps for good.

VI.

Who has not heard—when Erin got
To high words by Rebellion hot—
Who has not heard of brave O'Rourke,
Who like a devil went to work,

And had at Stony-batter stor'd
Of pikes and weapons a large hoard,
Tho' consternation and great awe,
Had been produc'd by martial law?
But the ring-leaders soon were caught,
And to the gallows quickly brought,
And those who had of late harangued,
Were tuck'd up by the neck and hang'd.
'Twas then on taking first the road,
Jokeby and Dick their courage show'd;
And they'd have swung among the rest,
But honor dwelt in a rogue's breast;
A friend, who their condition knew,
And kindly told them what to do.
To metamorphose them he tried,
By paint and various means beside,
And lodged them safe in Redmond-Hill,
Where they of whiskey had their fill;
All snug, they laugh'd, they drank, they sung,
And practis'd too the vulgar tongue;
And, when a fitting time was come,
He paid their passage for them home;
Gave them some money too to spend,
Which proves a rogue can be a friend.

VII.

Days pass'd away. From Jokeby's pate
The hair was dropping at great rate;
Tho' bald, he still for sport was ripe,
When by his fire-side with a pipe.
Now Dick did not with him remain,
But went to settle in Field-Lane.
It happen'd on a dreary night,
When Clerkenwell was far from bright,
The gin went round—a merry set
At Hockley-in-the-hole had met;
And seated on an easy chair,
The master puff'd away dull care.
'Twas past eleven, if not more,
When a loud knock came at the door;
A cry, alarming every soul,
Was heard just like an Irish howl.
The girl a stranger now announc'd,
And quick into the room there bounc'd
A man, whose figure and attire,
Startled the cronies by the fire.

VIII.

His hair in a disorder'd state,
Hung wildly from his half-starv'd pate;

On leg and thigh were wads of straw;
His air denoted the Bashaw.
A cravat, which with dirt was dyed,
About his neck was careless tied;
The thread-bare coat too, which he wore,
Was in the arms and elbows tore.
He had a burthen on his back,
And which he carried like a sack.
He blew his nose upon the ground,
And like a bedlamite look'd round;
Then up the room, with swaggering strut,
He hastened on the hearth to put,
Half lifeless in his little arms,
His gift, a boy of lovely charms.
To Jokeby, he took off his hat,
Then stood erect to have some chat;
To give him senatorial pow'r,
He *hemm'd* and *haw'd* for half an hour.
" Bill, nick-named Jokeby by your friends,
Paddy O'Rourke his blessing sends;
He to thy tender care thinks fit,
This grandson, Terence, to commit.
He bids thee rear him as thy own,
For Paddy's sweet delights are flown;
All the *Spalpeens* have made so free,
Not a potatoe now has he!

And all the joys of Redmond Hill,
Are gone like water thro' a rill.
To make this duty to thee dear,
He bids thee think on Erin's cheer!
If any wrong the young O'Rourke,
He bids thee think on Erin's work:
To Dick he wou'd have sent this charge,
But honors thee as thou'rt at large.
Now is this piece of business done,
And Conolly away will run."—

IX.

His mind was fix'd—his hand was stretch'd,
And from his heart a sigh he fetch'd,
For 'twas as much as he could do,
To bid the pretty rogue adieu.
Vain was all grief—of sorrow full,
The little brat roar'd like a bull.
Poor Conolly curs'd all such jobs,
And kindly strove to hush his sobs;
All anxious made he towards the door;
He blest and blest him o'er and o'er.
And kiss'd the little hands so red,
And kiss'd and patted his poor head;
Imploring with his native brogue,
St. Patrick to protect the rogue;

Again with his palavering tongue,
The charge in Jokeby's ears he rung;
When half with promises was press'd,
And half with a few nods express'd;
"Good bye, O'Rourke;" the latch he got,
And he was off then like a shot.

X.

'Twas long 'ere sugar-plumb or cake,
Prevail'd upon the child to speak;
And then he said that naughty lads
Seiz'd all the goods that was grand-dad's,
Which had not been if Terence' fist,
Had strength sufficient to assist;
For he'd have giv'n them hearty *whacks*
Of his shellelagh on their backs.
'Twas from his broken phrases caught,
He by his foster-dad was brought,
Who had some letters kinsmen wrote,
And in his fob a five-pound note;
But public houses made him stay,
Conolly chang'd it on the way,
'Till tipsy and o'erpowered at length,
And all was spent, his failing strength
Just bore him here—and the child then,
Renew'd his piteous moan again.

XI.

The tear, which Childhood's cheek runs o'er,
Is like the milk-drop on the floor;
When next Grimalkin passes by,
And laps it up, the ground is dry.
Won by their care the little boy,
Look'd up at his new friends with joy,
With rosy cheek and eye so bright,
He'd play about with great delight;
But sweetest look'd that eye and cheek,
When Jokeby's lass to him wou'd speak;
'Twas his, with elder brother's state,
To guide the tottering steps of Kate.
His *grammachree* with charming brogue,
He sung to please the little rogue,
And sheets of paper oft would seize,
To cut her out some dolls and trees.
In street, in alley, or in lane,
Still hand in hand were the sweet twain,
And good Bill Jokeby smil'd to find,
That they were sweethearts all so kind.

XII.

But summer months make the young root
From growth to bud—from bud to shoot;

And time will make a child a boy,
Man too of a *hobble-de-hoy;*
And soon in Hockley-in-the-hole,
The child becomes a gallant soul—
He loves to make a wond'rous boast,
Of vaulting over a high post;
And loves with other lads to run,
To make a sword or wooden gun;
Yet more he loves on a fine day,
About White Conduit House to stray,
To meet, like a fond love-sick swain,
His Kitty holding up her train,
And she, whose train is somewhat soil'd,
Is now herself too also spoil'd,
Affects considerable pride,
Her Terence' naughty ways to chide,
Yet listens still to hear him boast,
How he the barrow-woman tost—
How all her onions tumbled out,
And the potatoes ran about:
Then laughs to think his charming Kate,
Can be delighted with his prate.

XIII.

Now Terence knew exceeding well
An admirable tale to tell;

He knew full well to crack a joke,
And consequently smiles provoke;
And knew full well in all to prove
The tenderness of mighty love;
That while she blam'd and while she chid,
She lik'd each little thing he did.
Oft, too, when heavy show'rs of rain,
The happy pair at home detain,
Together in a corner they
Read o'er a ballad or a play;
Or by a roaring fire they'd sit,
Or sing or chat as they thought fit;
While lively chat or merry tune,
Diverted every afternoon;
Still blending from their early days
Their fun, their study and their lays.
A mutual longing they betray,
But must not think love in the way;
But tho' they dar'd not, slander base
Soon dar'd to call it a disgrace,
And when so often, cheek by joul,
Night after night they kisses stole;
'Twas sometimes said the doating dad,
No sight or even hearing had;
Sometimes his will seem'd to declare,
That young O'Rourke shou'd wed the fair.

XIV.

But William's suit caus'd great surprise,
And open'd wide the lovers' eyes:
'Twas plain that Maddox for his lad,
Old Jokeby's favor nearly had.
Now must they meet without a word,
And look all *spoony* and absurd.
Now must Miss Kitty keep her room,
And ponder on her future doom.
And Terence, like a sheepish ass,
Must rue the absence of his lass.
But quarrels rose and Jokeby said,
No villain's son his fair shou'd wed.
And Terence, taught in infant days,
That love cou'd practise various ways,
Now the wide square or meadow sought,
To cherish there a happier thought
Of maiden stole or got away,
As in the novels of the day,
To think what Irish lads have done,
Patrick Kilkenny of Athlone,
The brave O'Whack and Larry Stone;
And Flaherty, who vow'd a *Pat*,
Shou'd in no instance be a flat;
And curs'd him, if of Irish breed,
Whoever falter'd in a deed;

Or ever went without a wife,
For fear of any noise or strife.
From their success he hope invoked,
And brighten'd as the dinner smoked.

XV.

If wives were got by tongue and fist,
Terence had both his cause t'assist;
And he besides was of a race,
That might a robber's daughter grace.
Paddy O'Rourke, with Erin's stuff,
Had oft made Jokeby drunk enough:
And well did Jokeby every night,
Young Terence for the same requite.
Nor was his bumper'd glass and toast,
Upon the merry stripling lost.
Search every alley, court and yard,
Like Terence none could drink so hard:
From Smithfield go to Water-Lane,
Like Terence none could weild a cane;
And then so full of wit and glee,
And proving too so kind and free,
With ready-made civility,
There never was a youth cou'd work
Upon the heart like brave O'Rourke.

XVI.

Bill Jokeby loved him as his own,
And many to think so were prone.
Indeed till wicked tongues are stopp'd,
'Tis dangerous a child to adopt.
Now some, a good name to destroy,
Found out a mother for the boy;
At modest virtue they took aim,
And held up innocence to shame;
And as such wretches ne'er are loth,
To take a false—a damning oath,
They swore they knew the time and spot,
Where he was merrily begot;
For what is perjury to them,
Who would a character condemn?
Terence, distinguish'd for his wits,
Was always help'd to the tit-bits.
He by his guardian was belov'd,
And grateful to his guardian prov'd.
Twice, by his shrill and manly pipe,
He sav'd him from the knabber's gripe;
And now that he from them was hid,
He all his dirty business did;
Resolv'd that Kitty's dad should prove,
In country or in town, his love.

XVII.

When lovers meet in dismal plight,
'Tis like a rush-light in the night,
For tho' a glimmer faint is shed,
Yet all around is darkness spread.
As Terence on the table loll'd,
The past and present he recall'd:
"I never dreamt," good-nature said,
"Of this reception, darling maid!
Not thus, when from thy pretty hand,
I took the paper and th' inkstand,
And round thee, my fond arms I threw,
And had three dozen kisses too;
Then, while she at my elbow stood,
I wrote the song she thought so good.
Where is that song now? 'tis forgot,
Or torn perhaps, or gone to *pot*.
Where are those kisses? 'tis in vain
To supplicate for them again.
And what avails a useless pen,
Except to scribble now and then,
My solitary hours t'amuse,
And send her father all the news."
While thus poor Terence mourn'd the past,
His rival also was downcast:

For William's spirit was above
Compulsion in affairs of love;
But soon Miss Kitty's sprightly wit,
Rous'd them from their lethargic fit;
And instantly dispers'd the gloom,
As dust is scatter'd by a broom.

XVIII.

"I need not, sirs, call to your mind,
How Dick his visits here declin'd;
A man for ever mute and sad,
Yet when he saw me always glad;
My hand he instantly wou'd seize,
And give it a fond tender squeeze.
My prattle sometimes made him smile,
And banish'd sorrow for a while;
But, oft'ner, did I talk in vain,
To draw a smile from him again.
One dismal cause, to all unknown,
He now confess'd to me alone,
And twice I happen'd to espy
Examples of his misery,
By which at times the patient's led,
To break the structure of his head,
But he some awful warnings had,
To know the time he shou'd be mad,

And was of course upon his guard,
Never to knock his head too hard.
This malady, 'twas plain to guess,
Sprung from some latent, deep distress;
But still conceal'd he kept his case,
'Till Newgate stared him in the face.
Then to my keeping, he thought fit,
His chests of treasure to commit,
With this strange unconnected scroll,
In which he has disclos'd the whole,
In style, so miserably bad,
As proves he was stark-staring mad.

XIX.

Dick's History.

"Kate, thou hast seen me bounce with fear,
As if a constable were near,
When it has chanc'd that common prate
Wak'd memory of my former state:
Believe, there's few among us all,
With pleasure can the past recal,
But I!—a blockhead when at school,
And when a man a greater fool;
And at the close of my poor life,
I shall go off without a wife!

Even thou, Miss Kitty, wilt declare,
Thy uncle acted without care.
And must I with my pen disclose,
The hidden secrets of my woes;
I must—I will—fly, fancy, hence,
Nor take all my remaining sense;
Whilst thou present'st that angel face,
How can I write down my disgrace?
While thou remind'st me of her fate,
The fetters base—the wretched state—
How can I tell what she has been,
So good in heart—so grand in mein.

XX.

"Yes, she was grand—Kate, thou indeed
Hast a proud look it is agreed;
But her's sprung from a lofty mind,
Which look'd with scorn on all mankind.
We stole a match—'twas Hobson's choice,
Her father wou'd not give his voice:
And when she came with Dick to town,
We kept her name and race unknown,
Until thy dad, in Ireland then,
Shou'd come to London back again,
Who wou'd, we trusted, o'er a sup,
Force the old man to make it up.

Some weeks we liv'd alone incog,
To all unknown but one dear dog—
A dog—that is sufficient quite—
The scoundrel's name I will not write!
My patience I might still forget,
And play the devil with him yet—
A dirty dog he was to me,
Devoid of generosity,
Who for my kindness every day,
Repaid me in an evil way.

XXI.

"She smil'd on all she chanc'd to meet,
But on that dirty dog so sweet;
She look'd, that, making very free,
The scoundrel practised treachery.
A box tho' in the ear he got,
Which made him plan a vengeful plot.
Alone we sat—and quite cut up,
Of gin I took a little sup;
I had not seen my dear for days,
Whose absence fill'd me with amaze;
I could not think upon the cause,
And wonder'd where the duce she was.
At last I saw the rogue begin
To smile—it was a devil's grin—

Fiercely I ask'd which way she took,
He gave me then a sheepish look,
And begg'd to rage I'd not give way,
"She'd ta'en a trip to Botany Bay."
I started at the dreadful sound,
And made enquiries, when I found
Poor Nanny had been much abus'd,
And of shop-lifting was accus'd.
For lenity there was no room,
And transportation was her doom!

XXII.

"All sad I look'd—the cursed knave,
Who the base information gave;
Now from my indignation fled,
Or he'd have had a broken head.
The reason that my wife was gone,
Was known to few—the cause to none.
Some friends framed stories of her death—
I know not what—the want of breath—
And went so far too as to say,
They knew the church-yard where she lay;
So that I still remain'd esteem'd,
A widower, by neighbours deem'd.
But miserable was my life,
For ever dreaming of my wife;

And when I wak'd to be more wild,
And ask'd the keeper for my child,
(I have forgot—I shou'd have said
In Newgate she was brought to-bed)
I then was told a fellow came,
And to the little boy laid claim;
The nurse with lying tales beguil'd,
And took from her the infant child.
'Twas the informer—none but he
Cou'd have devis'd such treachery.
The dog I sought, with purpose dread,
To break my stick upon his head!
He 'scaped me—but my inward grief,
From walking found some faint relief,
And over many a street and road,
I bore of misery my load.

XXIII.

" 'Twas then that fate my footsteps drew,
To join a fierce and daring crew,
With whom full oft my broken nose
I ventured 'midst such dreadful blows,
That even my bold associates said,
They never saw a fiercer blade.
But much I learn'd and much can prove
Of human grief, of human love,

But never, in my walks, found yet
A wretch, whose case my sorrows beat.
It chanc'd, that, after many broils,
On the dividing of our spoils,
The table grac'd with beer and gin,
Which had been previously brought in,
While, drinking freely of egg-hot,
My ruffian comrades typsy got,
A letter came—the style was fine,
And good the writing, Kate, like thine.
" Base man," it said, " why thus delay,
While now your wife is far away;
While your poor child's expos'd to shame,
Without a father's care or name?"—

XXIV.

" I read—obey'd—and soon pick'd out,
Among my comrades the most stout,
Whom I brought with me to assist
The vengeance I so long had miss'd.
But luckily that anger slept,
Which might all bounds have overleap'd,
And as by parsons we are taught,
Evil for evil was not sought!
Let me in misery be cheer'd—
His face I've seen—his voice I've heard—

To get my only child I tried—
He laugh'd, as he the theft denied,
That calm and callous look was his,
That dev'lish grin upon his phiz,
As when he said, in mocking way,
" She's ta'en a trip to Botany-Bay."
I did not the base scoundrel pay—
For had I a black eye have given,
To murder him I'd have been driven."

XXV.

Here in the story having stopp'd,
A something at the window popp'd—
Up Terence jump'd—the villain Tom,
(For he it was the noise came from)
Drew back—he would not go to work,
At such a time with brave O'Rourke,
For all the valuable hoard,
Which was in Dicky's boxes stor'd.
Terence again sat down—he said
A cat the sudden noise had made;
Bernard grinn'd madly, when he found
His timid comrade quit the ground—
" A valiant dog art thou,—to dread
One man, who art by many led—
Yet I have seen thee mark a head;

Give me the stone—I'll quickly show,
The art of dealing a good blow,
By which an enemy's laid low."

XXVI.

Near to the window Bernard drew,
A pane of glass he then look'd thro'
'Till he had Terence full in view.
The stone he rais'd—so sure a mark,
He could not miss, tho' in the dark,
When seated snug upon a chair,
The object of his hate was there.
That day had Terence breath'd his last,
But twice the sweet Miss Kitty pass'd,
Between the stone and Terence' nob,
Just 'ere the hand had done the job:
The ruffian damn'd her o'er and o'er,
But yet the wicked deed forbore;
'They ne'er," he mutter'd, "shall relate,
I did thee any harm, proud Kate!"
Then moved to have a better view,
When to his side Tom Spriggins flew—
"Bernard, beware!—we are undone
For ever, if thou throw the stone.
By the Lord Harry there are some,
Who this way in a hurry come!
Nay, friend, make off and disappear,
Behold, they now are drawing near.

The foremost carries in his fist,
A cudgel thick as is my wrist."—
Bernard look'd round; he saw, he knew,
What Spriggins said was very true;
So curs'd his stars and off he flew;
Hurried thro' thick and thin pell-mell,
And gained the green of Clerkenwell.

XXVII.

They, whom vile Bernard, with a curse,
Doom'd to a broken head, or worse;
Their thoughts lent to one theme alone,
Saw not, nor fear'd th' uplifted stone;
Careless and undismay'd they sat,
Tho' being very near laid flat;
Careless and undismay'd discoursed,
When from the rogue the stone was forced;
As lads on frozen river skait,
Not dreaming what may be their fate.
Uninterrupted still they read,
What Dicky in his story said.
He talk'd of treasure as of trash,
For wretches have no need of cash;
Instead of blessing, 'twas a curse,
Which only made him ten times worse.

He begg'd that Kate wou'd take great care,
To keep the treasure for his heir—
His Nanny's son—no doubts he had,
But that still living was the lad,
For in his visions every week,
He saw him look, he heard him speak;
Then argued wise—had he been kill'd,
The blood had then been somewhere spill'd;
His body had been found—and so
He shou'd have known it long ago—
While these strange fancies he confess'd,
Hope seem'd to reign within his breast;
So wild, ridiculous and vain,
It mock'd his reason and his brain.

XXVIII.

These solemn words his tale conclude—
"So help me Bob! if I pursued
A little business in Field-Lane,
Always in London to remain.
I followed trade to have it thought,
My goods were honourably bought,
And was resolv'd when trade was bad,
To make a search for the dear lad.
My wealth, on which a rogue near hand
Would fingers lay, I understand,
May safe be under thy command.

When of my dying speech Kate hears,
Let her preserve her charge three years;
If none, from me, their claim put in,
Perish'd is Dicky's name and kin!
Then let her purchase with it clothes,
To fascinate surrounding beaux;
To be the wonder of the day,
And cut a dash when at the play,
That she may soon become a wife,
And lead a comfortable life."

XXIX.

The noble lads, who knew full well,
That Dicky's spirit nought could quell,
Now to that spirit, ne'er dismay'd,
Gave all the praise that could be paid;
But William chief, who plainly guess'd,
Why Dick didn't wish to be confess'd
His liberty, perhaps, to do
The mighty things he had in view.
Thoughtful he heard Miss Kitty say,
She with her father wish'd to stay,
A partner of his solitude,
If to accompany him she cou'd:

Yet grieved that Hockley-in-the-hole,
Deserted thus by every soul,
Open to robbers from the yard,
Had for the treasure no safeguard,
Which to her care had been consign'd,
And meant too for a purpose kind;
"Was Clerkenwell her chosen place?"
William enquired with redden'd face,
"For there, 'till all his fears subside,
Her father is oblig'd to hide."
A hurried hope his words partook,
With hurried joy his body shook;
Kate rose immediately to speak,
For anger flash'd in Terence' cheek—
"Duty," said she with gentle voice,
"Kind William, has of place no choice,
Else for my father, be assured,
A better room I had procured,
And in a more salubrious spot,
Than that he has at present got.
But where of comfort he can't boast,
A daughter's care needs Jokeby most."

XXX.

He felt the civil rub she gave,
Hung down his head—then answer'd grave,
" I made enquiry, matchless fair!
Thy fears to sooth—thy will prepare—
I at my beckon have some lads,
A noble gang, they are my dad's,
Men of such wondrous strength and might,
They'll carry all the chests at night,
And leave them in whatever place,
You think the safest in this case."
" Thanks, Master William, thanks," she cried,
Oh instantly the men provide,
And more thy sister-friend to guide;
Be thou so generous and kind,
As for my uncles' chests to find
A proper place,"—while this she said,
Some fellows their appearance made;
The very same the ruffians saw,
And whose approach fill'd them with awe.
Their leader bow'd to Will, and then
Look'd round as if for other men—
" What seek'st thou, boy?" young Maddox cried,
" And why these cudgels, pray, provide?"

That's what by you I must be told,
For as myself and comrades bold,
Stopp'd to take something on the way,
It being such a coolish day,
A stranger told us you were dogg'd,
Beset and would to death be flogg'd—
He was a *bang-up* lad I swear,
A noble look—a stately air—
He swore by *gosh* it was no sham;
I doubted not and here I am."

XXXI.

William look'd pale, and, panic-struck,
Turn'd round and in that posture stuck;
While Terence jump'd up from his chair,
Out of the window had a stare,
And Spriggins' hat discover'd there;
Sure proof of something in the wind,
And that the warning too was kind.
Wisest it seem'd the room to quit,
With cautious speed. It was thought fit,
That Terence and the blooming Kate,
Should visit home when it was late,
And William should, with proper aid,
At night attend the charming maid,

From Hockley-in-the-hole to bear,
The loaded chests, under his care,
Wherein secur'd by lock and key,
All Dicky's valuables lay;
Determined thus, they bid good by,
Each with a deep and heavy sigh.

END OF CANTO FOURTH.

CANTO V.

I.

The freezing winter day is gone,
The sun has put his nightcap on;
Still edifices of some height
Retain a little of his light;
But Clerkenwell has buildings, which
At present are as dark as pitch;
The church's steeple, far and high,
Appears a speck unto the eye;
And all the shops which look'd so gay,
During the early part of day,
Of customers no longer full,
Are quite deserted now and dull;
The masters all their profit count,
And shake their heads at the amount.

Thus grey-beards who can never yet,
The vanities of life forget,
Oft reckon up each youthful prank,
Till recollection leaves a bland.

II.

The eve, which is with darkness veil'd,
Now Hockley-in-the-hole conceal'd,
Where all in peaceful silence lay,
While dull and dreary was the way.
The dogs indeed began to bark,
At every footstep in the dark;
And with congenial murmurs seem
To waken Boreas from a dream;
For soon with every bark he vied,
And loud in deeper voice, replied.
William, who mild had ever been,
Felt all the horrors of the scene;
He held his hat now very fast,
Lest he should lose it by the blast.
With careful footstep on he jogg'd,
Oft paus'd to see if he was dogg'd;
And, tho' his way was to his love,
Did not with any briskness move,
But ponder'd, as he slowly went,
On all the ills which fortune sent.

Such nincompoops sometimes are we,
Even when our passions fill with glee.

III.

Now having many places past,
The wish'd for spot he reach'd at last;
Where, propp'd by two large beams of wood,
The ancient house before him stood.
A fire was blazing in the room,
To dissipate the evening's gloom.
The window shutters too were barr'd,
A sign the folks were on their guurd.
But yet precautions plainly proved,
Their fear of danger not removed;
When William gave a single knock,
Awhile he listen'd at the lock;
Who's there? repeatedly was call'd,
A friend as frequently was bawl'd,
And not, for half an hour or more,
T'admit him ope'd the jealous door;
And when he enter'd, soon the chain,
With rattling noise, was fix'd again;
The grannam, now resolv'd to quiz,
Held up the candle to his phiz,
And eyed him well from top to toe,
'Ere she vouchfafed the way to show

Into the room—where, 'fore the fire,
William adjusted his attire;
And while the cheerful faggots crack,
Tuck'd up his skirts and warm'd his back.

IV.

To greet him Kate came running in,
And bade them fill a glass of gin.
The things were all pack'd up, she said,
And but for William's friends delay'd;
But, all reluctant to betray,
His father's nasty pilf'ring way,
He hinted, lest men prone to stealth,
Shou'd cast a sheep's-eye on his wealth.
He thought it best the chests to keep,
Until the folks were fast asleep:
And therefore for his friends left word,
All men of honor, he averr'd,
To meet at Hockley-in-the-hole,
When James's bell began to toll.
Now Terence came, who had been hard
At work to show his great regard,
Preparing every thing was meet,
And requisite for their retreat.
With William's kind attention pleased,
His cold, reluctant fist he seized,

And squeezed so hard that William then,
The loving squeeze return'd again.
Seem'd as their thoughts in this way ran,
"Awhile let friendship be our plan,
And let our strife be who shall best
Assist this lovely girl distrest."

V.

The bargain was not made by speech,
But by the generous thought of each—
A sentiment of noble kind,
Impress'd at once on either mind.
Kate took the hint and strove to be,
With both quite affable and free,
And —— for she did indeed suppose,
They wou'd have stripp'd and gone to blows—
Felt, notwithstanding her sad state,
A joy no language can relate—
All snug they by the chimney sat,
And laugh'd and had some harmless chat,
And call'd forth all their spirits now,
To keep care's wrinkles from the brow.—
High privilege of youthful days,
Worth all the joys our prime conveys!
Kate finding them to quarrel loth,
Now fill'd a bumper glass for both.

VI.

The candle having now been snuff'd,
The fire too with the bellows puff'd;
The room which was exceeding bright,
Brought all the scenes of love to light;
Display'd poor William's bashful air,
And show'd Miss Kitty's neck so fair;
Her milk-white skin and graceful shape,
Cou'd not Terence' roguish eye escape,
Who during the fond moments plac'd
His arm around the lady's waist,
While Will was thankful when he'd hap
To have his hand upon her lap.
Two lovers now the maid carest,
And neither jealousy possest.
The maid her lovers' wishes plann'd,
And gave to each a willing hand.
It is a sight but rarely seen,
Thanks to man's pride and woman's spleen.

VII.

While thus all merry they appear'd,
A knock at the street door they heard;
And 'ere old grammam ask'd who's there?
A fiddle sounded in the air.—

A manly voice with quivers neat,
Accompanied the music sweet.

SONG.

Winter nights are come at last,
Winter snow is falling fast;
I've been very far to-day,
Do not bid me go away—
Charity atones for sin,
Take a ballad-singer in.

But grannam a smart answer had,
'Twas "Get away, thou saucy lad!
The king wants men and I insist,
Such vagabonds as thou should list;"
At this reproof unkind and queer,
Answer'd the ready fiddler's air.

SONG RESUMED.

Bid not me a red coat wear,
Knapsack and a gun to bear:
I am of the plaintive kind,
Ne'er for fighting was design'd;
From my fiddle and my voice,
You shall have whate'er's your choice.

Still the old gentlewoman chid,
" Depart, you knave, do as you're bid.
I tell you what—if you don't go,
Some water on your head I'll throw."

VIII.

With somewhat of a generous heart,
Young William took the fiddler's part;
" These notes, which so harmonious flow,
No common ballad-singer show;
Hard the poor fellow to dismiss,
On such a bitter night as this;
And sure it can be no great loss——
Your grannam is indeed too cross;
Her door—once very free indeed
To greet the friend, the poor to feed,
Even me, accustomed here to sit,
Did but reluctantly admit."—
" O blame not as poor grannam's fault,
What at this time is prudence thought;
She deems it proper to beware,
And of the treasure to take care,
Nor thinks it fit to ope the door
So late, for every country boor,
Ever desirous to enhance
The duty of her vigilance.

I trust this fiddler won't in vain
Petition—Hark! he sings again!"

IX.

SONG RESUMED.

I can sing of war's alarm,
And love songs the fair to charm;
I a comic tale can tell,
And a tragic one as well.
Cold the night and dark the way,
Bid me then some moments stay.

Jokeby's gang were always gay,
Valiant men both night and day;
Their exploits and wondrous glee,
Known by few are known by me—
If you honor Jokeby's name,
Listen to the fiddler's claim.

Jokeby's gang did always long
For the fiddler and the song;
They were fond of the romance,
Fond too of a country dance;
If good people you're the same,
Listen to the fiddler's claim.

"Hark, grannam listens—I dare say,"
Said Terence, "he will find his way;"—
"For all thy boasting now, I trow,
Robin Adair thou dost not know,"
Cried the old woman, "nor *Poor Jack*,
Nor *Mr. Mugg* and *Paddy Whack*.
If the *Mail Coach* thou can'st begin,
That were a song wou'd make us grin;
If that thou can'st, in thou shalt come—
Thou'st won thy supper and a home."

X.

Kate smiled—"My grandmother," she said,
Ne'er taste for harmony display'd.
But Terence wou'd'st thou not rejoice,
To hear this ballad-singer's voice?"
—"O ask me not! for, faith and troth,
To hear a song I'm never loth;
Nor can I hear a merry tune,
That I don't think of Dublin soon,
Where oft at *Heckball* I have smiled,
(The king of Beggars he was styled,
Who in his noddy came all grand,
To celebrate each nuptial band.)
And when his horn he loudly blew,
I've seen around a merry crew—

Ah I have walk'd o'er many a stone,
To listen to the bagpipe's drone;
And I have heard, with secret glee,
An Irish jig and *grammachree*—
And I myself have in the street,
Lillibollers whistled sweet—
Her hand upon his neck reclined,
" What must be, must be," she rejoined;
" And think'st thou Terence I can leave
My much lov'd dwelling and not grieve,
Ever, alas, to be removed,
From all I in my childhood loved?
For on this snug delightful ground,
Did all Kate's happiness abound—
That place, where often sat my dad,
May by a stranger soon be had.
This room, where I'd my infant games,
May, Terence, soon be all in flames,
Yet is this consolation just,
My Terence dear—what must be, must."
Her phrase, her action, saying this,
Were those of a gay little miss;
For affectation lost its sway,
In sorrow's sympathetic day.
Young Terence dar'd not leave the spot.
But rather had it been his lot,

To share that melancholy day,
Than have in Dublin his full sway,
At liberty to see again,
Smock-Alley, Ship-Street and Ross-Lane.

XII.

As pale as death was William's cheek,
Kate sees and now makes haste to speak—
" Happy th'ensuing hours we'll spend,
So be our quarrels at an end!
And Jokeby's daughter will not go,
From Jokeby's house with heart of woe;
This night at least, for Jokeby's sake,
A noble bowl of punch we'll make;
The cheerful fire shall blaze so high,
None shall be able to sit nigh;
And by its blaze the fiddle soon,
Shall play us up a merry tune.
Bid grannam not make such a fuss,
But send him in at once to us—
Meantime, kind Maddox, wilt thou use
Thy vocal skill—nay, don't refuse—
And look not grave! I guess thy thought,
Thy song with kisses wou'd be bought,
And Kate, since fortune is not good,
Is now not in a kissing mood."—

The gentle stripling, for a time,
Began to think upon his rhyme,
And then in haste he clear'd his throat,
As prelude to the plaintive note.

XIII.

The Ridicule.

"O Lady, let thy dress be cool,
And carry pray a ridicule;
A pocket's the old fashion'd taste,
A spoiler of the female waist;
For modern fashion can't abide,
To see a bulge-out at each side—
Then lady let thy dress be cool,
And carry pray a ridicule.—

Our mother Eve no pockets had,
And she was very thinly clad;
Oh beautiful was nature's trim,
So very *natty*, neat and slim;
And fashion now has wisely plann'd,
To have the pocket in the hand—
Then, lady, let thy dress be cool,
And carry pray a ridicule.—

A lady's pocket's a play-thing,
With tassels and a silken string;
And many are the kinds that's sold,
A dirty handkerchief to hold;
So females now cannot be grand,
Without a pocket in their hand;
Then lady let thy dress be cool,
And carry, pray, a ridicule.

'Twas Momus, as 'tis justly thought,
These pockets into fashion brought;
But Venus soon began to storm,
And voted for the *basket*-form;
To vex the beauty he was loth,
So gave to female mortals both;
And Venus to delight the fool,
Then christen'd his a Ridicule."

XIV.

"But," Kate exclaim'd, "where is the lad?
Good Terence, let us not be sad.
Say, wilt thou for the fiddler go,
To dissipate our care and woe?
Our neighbours shall a party make,
And of our merriment partake;

Call every man-jack in I say,
To see me 'ere I go away—
They will be glad of it, dear souls,
And we will have a dance, by goles."
The fiddler came—his looks express
A youth—an old man tho' his dress.
Adirty coat he had wrapt round,
The skirts of which just reach'd the ground;
His wig which almost touch'd his lip,
Seem'd to have been a *penny dip*.
His left hand held the fiddle low,
And in the other was the bow.
In short the fellow look'd this time,
As if equipp'd for Pantomime.

XV.

A kind of awkward bow he made,
Which still a studied air display'd;
And tho' he play'd a careless part,
Each look and word betray'd his art.
His phiz had something devilish queer,
Appearing mischievous tho' fair;
Yet cruel to interpret bad,
Of such a poor and simple lad.
His was the look both sly and dark,
That, marking all, seems none to mark;

His eyes round all the party stole,
Unseen themselves, to see the whole;
Yet at Kate's look they were cast down,
Nor could they brook even Terence' frown.
By vet'rans of suspicious mind,
Cunning and wicked and unkind,
This pushing fellow had been deem'd;
But young our lovers—and it seem'd,
The rest were all so full of glee,
At being in Kate's company,
That deuce a thing they thought of, save
A Country-dance or merry stave.

XVI.

All that base slyness vanish'd soon,
When he his fiddle 'gan to tune;
Like conjuration did it mock,
As *Ingleby's new-headed* cock.
More kindly now he viewed the folks,
More freely now he crack'd his jokes.
More high and sweeter was his tone,
In all the notes of *Incledon!*
Alas! too soon these notes were spent,
Sunk with the *storm* that gave them vent!
His ways resumed, he was again
Deceitful, treacherous and vain;

And prov'd he did his talents use,
To cheat th' unwary and abuse.
Such was the lad whom Jokeby's fair,
Pray'd he wou'd sing that favorite air,
Which she had heard him sing before,
When he stood outside of the door.

XVII.

SONG.

The Fiddlestick.

When I was but a little boy,
To play a tune was oft my joy;
For playing with an idle toy
    Did make me sick;
So very happy to employ
    My fiddlestick!

Grown up a man, so well I play'd,
That I a deal of money made;
Nor did I want for any aid
    In learning quick;
And very often I display'd
    My fiddlestick!

Love seiz'd me and I did not fail,
To tell my fair a plaintive tale,
But fiddle faddle made her rail,
And give a kick——
What do you think then did prevail?
My fiddlestick!

When married, such a shrew I found;
Her tongue annoy'd me with its sound;
And when she stamp'd upon the ground
She was Old Nick!—
What do you think the noise tho' drown'd?
My fiddlestick!

Then to the fiddle let us bow,
(Not the *Scotch fiddle* tho', I vow)
For that on Sundays will allow
A bone to pick—
So see how gaily I move now
My fiddlestick!

XVIII.

"A pretty song," Miss Kitty said,
But grannam shook her hoary head,
And took the silver spoons away,
Which careless on the table lay.

Cymon observ'd—but turn'd aside,
And rosin to his bow applied;
Then touch'd the strings which seem'd to be,
In better tune for harmony:
Then paus'd as if in dread of harm,
And look'd around with feign'd alarm.
"There's none," he utter'd, "in this room,
Wou'd hurt a fiddler I presume,
Who's studied every pleasing note,
Mirth and good humour to promote,
And with permission, wou'd essay,
To strike up now another lay."
Then, satisfied by nod and look,
His fiddlestick again he took,
And grannam stopp'd to hear him tell,
His ditty of a Cockleshell.

XIX.

SONG.

The Cockleshell.

As the fashions in changing must always excel,
So there can be no gig like the fam'd cockleshell—
Ever prime, ever bang-up, it cuts a fine show,
And the motto is this, "while I live, I will crow."

But the Cockleshell once was capsized in the dirt,
And the cocks which adorned it severely were hurt;
But the Long-Acre Coach-maker soon made it go,
And the driver's resolv'd while he lives he will
crow.

For a benefit oft on the stage he will strut,
And in glittering diamonds a fine figure cut;
If *Lothario's* the character, then, you must know,
All the critics begin like *Lothario* to crow.

If the bucks of the day were such friends to our
trade;
If their money like his was immediately paid;
By St. Peter *John Bull* wou'd so affluent grow,
That his motto would be, "May Old England
still crow."

XX.

"Thanks," Kate exclaimed, "upon my word,
Your songs a deal of fun afford—
Here's sixpence for you—I deplore
That Jokeby's daughter can't give more.
And scratch again thy fiddlestring,
While I endeavour now to sing,

'Ere yet I leave my daddy's room,
To mourn, alas! his wretched doom."
The fiddler, with a surly look,
And kind of sneer, the sixpence took;
As yet, the love for wicked jokes,
Had made him carry on the hoax;
He is determined they shall pay,
And therefore studies to betray;
He dooms them to immediate broils,
And shares the danger, not the spoils.
What pays him for his studied rhyme,
And fiddling thus away his time?
What makes him cruel to the folks?
It is a love for wicked jokes.

XXI.

The sentiments of Cymon's mind,
Were dev'lish hard to be defin'd;
He, like a weather-cock, where'er,
His passion prompted him, wou'd veer;
And vice and virtue, in such whim,
Had very little weight with him;
And oh! when passion has the sway,
Not ev'n a grain can virtue weigh.
Yet now she weighs a *scruple*, while
The fair one wins him with a smile;

And much good natured too look'd he,
When Kitty humm'd to him the *key*.

SONG.

THE FAREWELL.

Farewell—a long farewell I say,
  To Hockley-in-the-hole—
For I must go 'fore dawn of day
  My father to console—
Methinks a melancholy gloom,
  Is spreading all about;
For very dark is now the room,
  The fire is going out!—

The lady stopp'd and clear'd her throat,
Then went into a higher note.

XXII.

Let the cheerful glass elate,
  Let our sorrow be forgot—
'Tis, alas! the will of fate,
  We but share another's lot.
Let us toast our absent friends;
  Lets' be patient every soul—
Fortune always changes sends
  Good-by Hockley-in-the-hole.

Never more this room I'll scour,
  To receive a Sunday friend;
Nor another pleasant hour,
  In this parlour shall I spend;
Far from Hockley-in-the-hole,
  I to-morrow's dawn shall be;
With my father I must strole,
  And no more this dwelling see.

XXIII.

While thus Miss Kitty's song was heard,
Poor Cymon like an ass appear'd—
In Chelsea he might oft have found,
As fair a face, as sweet a sound;
But Chelsea notes cou'd never vie,
With Kitty's varied harmony;
Nor was there in Five-Fields a lass,
Who cou'd her dignity surpass.
"Alas, poor lady!" Cymon thought,
"And have I then thy ruin sought?
Was it my hand that cou'd unlatch
The door for ruthless foes to watch?
Foes, lost to honor, base and sly,
Their kindest mercy a black eye!
Is there no hope? Can't we make off?
I hear already Bernard's cough.

Even now—if that my eyes tell true,
His ugly shadow cross'd my view!
He was to wait my signal air—
I'll see if I can't keep him there—
To dally longer I'll contrive,
Young Maddox' party may arrive—
Alarm precipitates the broil!
I'll play my fiddle a good while;"—
And then, with shakes both fine and long,
He quiver'd out another song.

XXIV.

BALLAD.

A priest, who was travelling, stopp'd,
  And begg'd at an inn for a bed;
A courtsey the landlady dropp'd,
  And after long thinking she said;

"We have but one spare room to-night,
  And that, sir, is haunted they say;
But if you don't value a sprite,
  To sleep in that chamber you may."

The priest vow'd he was not afraid,
  'Twas all idle talk he declar'd;

A good hearty supper he made,
  And then for his bed-room prepar'd.

The door having fasten'd, with chalk
  The key-hole he *cross'd* with great care;
Then all round the room did he walk,
  And *cross'd* every hole he saw there.

He stripp'd and while stooping, behind
  A terrible slap did he get;
A voice then exclaim'd—" Now you find,
  You have not *cross'd* every hole yet."

XXV.

" Fiddler, thy magic song, I vow,"
Kate said, " can raise a spectre now;"
Well nigh, in yonder gloomy place,
My fancy sees a devil's face.
I swear 'tis lurking in the hall,
I see it! look, good people, all!
Oh now, the room, 'tis entering quick—
Go, get a bason!—I am sick!"
'Twas true enough, stride after stride,
Until he reach'd the lady's side;
Grim Bernard came; then look'd around,
And fiercely stamping on the ground,

Thunder'd aloud—" Budge not, good sirs,
He bleeds who speaks, he dies who stirs."—
Behind their chief, the ruffian set,
From their concealment quickly get
In silence—save that hollow sound
Their wooden shoes made on the ground.
Then, halting at their leader's back,
They seem'd at once a desperate pack,
Fully resolv'd within to keep
Their victims, like a herd of sheep.
Another sign, and for the blows,
Prepared at once their cudgels rose,
As waiting but their chieftain's look,
To give a sure and fatal stroke.

XXVI.

Up in a crack the party were,
Tho' frighten'd, they were still sincere;
The chairs and table down they threw,
Between Miss Kitty and the crew.
" O fire and faggots!" Terence cried,
" Will, hand that poker by thy side.
Bear hence poor Kitty—gain the hall,
You'll then escape for good and all;
Musha, good lad, why in the dumps?
Oh dally not, but move your stumps."

Their motions by the crowd were hid,
And William did as he was bid.
Unseen now thro' the hall they pass'd,
And got to the street door at last;
William half carried and half led,
Poor Kitty who was almost dead;
And safe in Hockley-in-the-hole,
The lady stands without control—
Refreshing air and exercise,
Restor'd her senses in a trice.
"Where's Terence?" eagerly she bawls;
"Thou answer'st not—he falls! he falls!
And thou hast left him, all alone,
With cruel men to be knock'd down.
I know it well—he'll give a stroke,
And get one too—his head is broke!
To save my life at his expence,
To me, Sir, is a great offence."

XXVII.

The angry look, the cruel cut,
Poor William in a flurry put.
"Madam," he said, "thou need'st not fear,
My friends will soon be with thee here.
Thou shalt not mourn thy Terence dead,
I'll run and get a broken head."

He turn'd away—his heart so throbb'd,
That in his agony he sobb'd—
The maid, then having thought awhile,
Repented of her cruel style;
" Stay, William, stay—in vain all aid;"—
He heard, but deuce an answer made.
He gains the dwelling where they fight—
He enters—and is out of sight!

XXVIII.

What sounds now steal upon the ear,
While overcome with doubt and fear?
It is, it is the noise of feet,
Kate hears and runs the men to meet;
Seizes the leader by the sleeve,
" Make haste, make haste, assistance give;
Break the door open—make your way."
The fellows instantly obey,
And helter skelter, one and all,
They made their way into the hall;
But, 'ere the parlour door they sought,
A bloody battle had been fought
When Bernard saw Kate ta'en away,
It was the signal for the fray;
And Jokeby's gang, who in attacks,
Did always scorn to turn their backs;

Now from their panic fit broke loose,
And of their cudgels made good use—
(For they brought cudgels, with th'intent,
To guard their mistress when she went,)
Then cheer'd them to the fight, O'Rourke,
Then peal'd the shout, then 'gan the work.
The blows so fierce were dealt about,
That soon the candles were put out,
While now on the defenders rush
The ruffians with a dreadful push;
And twice driv'n back, yet fierce and stout,
Renew'd th' attack with frantic shout.

XXIX.

Will got enough—but, by his side,
Stood Terence and the worst defied;
Cheering the lads, with voice and fist,
Still the bold fellows to resist.
"Now for it, lads! in Jokeby's place,
Ne'er be it said that fear's the case.
What! care you for their savage shout,
Or are you vex'd the candle's out?
With louder cry this parlour shook,
When Jokeby's guests their bottle took;
And oft the candle's thrown away,
In Hallowtide or Christmas play.

Stand to it, boys! resistance make,
For Jokeby's and Miss Kitty's sake!
These puppies! they cannot do much,
One man can beat a dozen such!"
Young, fierce and violent as hell,
Upon th' advancing foes he fell.
Woe to the wretch whose noddle felt
The knocks which his shillelagh dealt!
Bernard push'd on—but grannam held
His skirt and his retreat compell'd;
Her wrinkled arms about him flung,
And on the ruffian's neck she hung.
Just then the party fill'd the hall;
The watchmen entered at their call.
And now so great was their dismay,
They broke, they fled or ran away.
Bernard's rough voice no more they heed,
Though loud enough it was indeed;
For he endeavoured, but in vain,
The battle to renew again.

XXX.

Now thicker clouds the hall surround,
Than e'er in blacksmith's shop were found;
So dense, the boxers did not know,
Which was a friend or which a foe;

Grouping about, they rub their eyes,
But soon a dismal light shall rise;
'Mid wild confusion, from the smoke,
A sudden fire tremendous broke;
New horrors all the neighb'ring dames
Affright—the parlour is in flames!
It seems that during early blows,
The candle fell among some clothes.
Kate saw—and now her hands she wrung,
For the poor girl had lost her tongue.
But ceas'd not yet, inside the door,
The shout, the blow and battle's roar;
Tho' cracking timbers plainly told,
The house much longer would not hold.
What! wait they till the beams descend,
And crush to pieces foe and friend?
They're not such asses—they retreat,
And have their box out in the street.
The watchmen soon their rattles sprung,
St. James's bell too also rung.
Forth came the fiddler in a fright,
And by her gown held Kitty tight—
Her scream, entreaty and her dread,
Preserv'd him from a broken head.
Spriggins and him the watchmen kept,
The rest, save Bernard, off had crept.

XXXI.

And where is Bernard? to the sky,
The flames are now ascending high;
The engines come and there abide,
Until with water they're supplied;
When, like a very devil, sent,
Red from his fiery punishment,
Contagion all around to spread—
On fire his hair, all blood his head.
Forth from the fierce encircling flame,
The lucky form of Bernard came!
With half-burn'd cudgel he appears,
Then laid it 'bout the watchman's ears.
In vain his arm the watchman held,
To let him go he was compell'd;
And when compell'd to let him go,
He for his pains receiv'd a blow;
And when his enemies defi'd,
With matchless force he flung aside
The boldest—as the boy, in play,
Tosses the pebble in his way;
Thro' forty men his way he cleared
And in an instant disappeared.

XXXII.

Scarce was this bloody battle fought,
When on his back brave Terence brought
William, who panting for his breath,
Had very near been burnt to death,
Deserted there by all his friends;
But Terence saw and made amends.
His burthen on a stone he laid,
Which dry the conflagration made—
And round his neck a kerchief tied,
While Kate attended at his side.
He snuff'd the air and they were glad,
To find that it reviv'd the lad.
A mournful look on them he cast,
"I wish this moment was my last."—
No more he said—there was no need,
A hackney coach was call'd with speed,
For Terence and his partner sweet,
When Master William had a seat.
But Kitty very oft look'd back,
And heard her father's timbers crack;
She dropp'd a tear—alas, poor soul,
She wept for Hockley-in-the-hole.
Now louder cracks assail'd her ears,
And realiz'd the maiden's fears,

Proclaiming by its dreadful roar,
That—Jokeby's dwelling is no more!
It fell and great too was the fall,
As that of the COMMERCIAL HALL.

END OF CANTO FIFTH.

CANTO VI.

I.

Now came of winter the third night,
Since Jokeby's dwelling blazed so bright;
The owl in the church-yard sat prim,
And there began to sing his hymn.
The dog, by turning round and round,
Had made his bed upon the ground.
The raven too was fast asleep,
The sheep were gather'd in a heap—
Forth came the cat to watch and mew,
The rat and mouse their tyrant knew,
As in the stable he appears,
With ready paw and prick'd up ears.
Sleep seal'd the eyes of little boys,
Who all the day had play'd with toys.

Their needles now the girls employ'd,
Or a sweet novel's page enjoy'd.
A dubious light the lamps bestow'd,
And to the eye but faintly show'd
The cellar deep in Dyott-Street,
Which late had been the thieves' retreat;
And as the watchmen careless roved,
Their shadows on the pavement moved,
Shadows which met or shunn'd the view,
With every motion of the shoe;
As hope and fear alternate cheat,
Our senses in this mortal state.

II.

Walking thro' many a narrow lane,
A dismal form was seen quite plain,
To make his way by stealthy pace,
As cat that treads a boggy place,
And pauses oft, in hopes to get,
Her paws out of the nasty wet.
He passes now the lonesome hill,
The owl has seen him and is still—
He passes now the passage dark,
The startled dog gets up to bark;
Against the stable doth he hit,
Puss curls her tail and gives a spit.

And when the raven finds him near,
He with a croak salutes his ear—
Now having walk'd o'er many a stone,
The midnight ruffian stands alone!
Methinks that by the lamp we quiz
A well remembered form and phiz!
That boyish shape, that pallid cheek,
A melancholy story speak
Of powers misplac'd, of passion's sway,
Of vice, of woe and of dismay!
'Tis Cymon's eye, at every shout
That casts that sheepish look about;
'Tis Cymon's trembling hurry knocks
The stable and Grimalkin shocks;
And, when the cellar-board's up-thrown
'Tis Cymon's figure that goes down.

III.

With steel and flint he struck a light,
That in the cellar sparkled bright;
Fearful and quick he noted well,
Each corner of the gloomy cell.
Since last he left the dismal scene,
seem'd as none therein had been;
Unmov'd he found the different spoil,
The fruit of his companions' toil;

Visors, and various sorts of clothes,
Skeleton keys and iron crows;
And all the instruments that aid
House-breakers in their wicked trade,
Upon the stools now scatter'd lay,
Or were in corners put away.
On the deal table still appear
The reliques of the gin and beer;
Glasses and emptied pots were there,
Tobacco pipes and broken ware,
And wild confusion mark'd the scene,
As when the final fun had been,
When, merry, resolute and brave,
The parting toast Tom Spriggins gave;
To Jokeby's house they fill'd around;
Their laughter made the place resound;
Staggering, they reeled into the street,
And parted—never more to meet!
They found in Jokeby's house their due,
A basting and a roasting too!

IV.

He spies the dress behind the door,
Which late as a disguise he wore,
And shuddering thought upon his jest,
When as a fiddler he was drest.—

"The devil take my fiddle-stick,"
He cried, "that moved me to the trick,
When flatter'd by my comrade's praise,
I studied all their wheedling ways.
Three winter days are scarcely past,
Since I have seen this cellar last;
A giddy boy and apt to err,
But oh as yet no slanderer!
Even now my comrade's mirth I hear,
That horse-laugh echoes in my ear,
Which cheer'd my heart and fired my blood,
When with my fiddle-stick I stood—
And wou'd what happen'd since that day,
Cou'd like a vision pass away;
But recollection notes too well,
The sorrows which our crew befel:
Soon as the rumpus they began,
When squar'd the fist and stripp'd the man;
When the avengers on us fall
And kept us in the burning hall.
My narrow 'scape—the lifted cane—
That angel' interposing strain!—
If for the kindness she display'd,
I cou'd repay the generous maid.—
Perhaps a something I may find,
That will,"——he turn'd nor spoke his mind.

V.

Forth from the fire-place he retreats,
With paces five the earth he meets;
Then stopp'd to ope a cupboard door,
And cautiously the shelves explore;
Nor paus'd till, from a private nook
His hand a tied-up parcel took.
Just as he stoop'd t'undo the knot,
A giant grasp his shoulder got;
He shook and look'd up in a fright,
Then scream'd—'twas Bernard held him tight.
"Shrink not," he said; "but who d'you think,
Cou'd hear the bully and not shrink?
"Shrink not!—by heaven he shakes as much,
As debtor by a bailiff's touch!"
He rais'd him now his fears to quell,
While from the opening parcel fell
A coral with a silver bell.
Bernard beheld it with amaze,
And on the bauble long did gaze;
Then, patting Cymon on the head,
Somewhat reliev'd him from his dread;
For still the stripling's half raised eye
Glistened with tears of misery,

And sidelong glanc'd, as to survey,
In meditated flight, the way.
" Sit," Bernard cried, " devoid of woe,
Thou can'st not, and thou shalt not, go.
Chance brings me hither—east and west,
In vain I've visited for rest.
And tell me now thou trembling lout,
What means this toy?—what art about?
The watch had thee and Tom in charge,
How comes it thou art now at large?
I deem'd, long since, in Newgate placed,
Your legs had been with fetters graced.
Tell me the whole—but, look you, I
Will not put up with any lie."
The youth, tho' somewhat still afraid,
Plucking up courage, now obey'd.

VI.

" Spriggins and I, in kimbo fast,
Two dismal nights together pass'd.
The third sad morrow brought a friend,
For Jemmy Maddox did attend.
He of my chum great notice took,
With fix'd and penetrating look:
" Tom Spriggins art thou call'd?"—" I am,"
" Who lived a month at Tottenham;

Thence ran away and sold cats' meat,
So I am told, about the street.
That fail'd—the cause I need not give,
Thy wits have taught thee how to live—
A friend to Jokeby—Dost agree
That I've guess'd right?"—"Yes, to a T."
Awhile he ponder'd and anon,
In a low voice he thus went on;
Me, I believe, he saw not yet,
For in a corner I did get,
"List to me, Tom. For private ends,
Sometimes we make even rogues our friends;
And men too of the greatest rank,
A villain for his aid will thank.
Were I disposed to get thee free,
What pledge of faith cou'dst thou give me?"

VII.

The devil, who is never slack,
To counsel Spriggins in a crack,
Whisper'd his lie. His only boy,
Shou'd rest his pledge. With looks of joy.
He turn'd to me. "His son art thou?"
I bow'd. Together we sat now;
And freely he began t'impart,
The secrets of his wicked heart.

William, his son and pet, he said,
To Kate had his addresses paid;
And long since had their hands been join'd,
But that her father was unkind;
Who took it now into his head,
That she, per force, shou'd only wed
A despicable Irish clown,
Whose birth and lineage were unknown,
Save that a drunken fellow had,
In Jokeby's parlour, dropp'd the lad.
He thought, by coaxing, he might yet
Old Jokeby in his favor get,
And fair occasion now had he,
To coax the fellow to agree,
As near him refuge he had sought,
Thro' the alarm which he had wrought.

VIII.

"He school'd us in a well-forg'd lie,
In hopes to prove an *alibi*;
And told us by what various tricks,
The crime on others we might fix;
Bade us on Jokeby's flight to dwell,
As that might in our favor tell.
Such was the hint, when Tom, whose hate,
To Jokeby and O'Rourke is great,

Declared he did not care a pin,
For he wou'd swear thro' thick and thin.
I scrupled—till, again, indeed,
Jemmy declared we should be freed,
And then—alas! it was agreed."
Said Bernard—" What a wavering lad,
Unfit alike for good or bad!
But pray go on,"—" Soon as he heard
The Magistrate the case deferr'd;
Ne'er on the stage, in any part,
Was seen so fine a tragic start
As Maddox gave—tho', it is said,
The business was by him delay'd.
From friend to friend, from place to place,
He hurried with a madman's pace;
To all his comrades told his mind,
'Bout Jokeby's daughter so unkind,
And begg'd, to-morrow, about noon,
They wou'd attend at the Half Moon."

IX.

" Half Moon! I pass'd it by even now,"
Said Bernard, " when 'twas dark I vow.
And there I smoked a pretty set,
Who for some wickedness had met.

There will be mischief, I believe,
If Kate her hand to Will don't give.
She loves him not—for my own part,
I think that Terence has her heart.
How camest thou to thy freedom?" "That
Thou may'st most justly wonder at.
That pretty start when Jemmy made,
A note was by a lad display'd,
Who said a man, in dirty trim,
Requested he would give it him.
He broke the seal—he gave a stare,
Frantic, terrific, fierce and queer;
The fire which darted from his eye,
Became a tear of misery;
His hand shook like an aspen leaf,
His countenance bespoke the thief.
Spriggins he deem'd, in time of need,
Fit person for a naughty deed;
Aside this gentleman he took,
And thus began with surly look.

X.

"As, in romances we may read,
By miracle are prisoners freed;
Dick—whom we all in kimbo thought,
For I a friend of his besought

T'inform against his wicked gang,
As he intended me to hang—
Dick is at large—the blockhead blabb'd,
But harm'd not Dick, for Jack was knabb'd"—
Roaring an execration out,
Bernard jump'd up and walk'd about.
"Thine old bald pate or ugly phiz,"
He mutter'd, "greater blockhead is;"—
Then sat and wink'd to Cymon, who
Look'd pale—his story to pursue.
Jemmy went on—"Attend a while,
To this man's wild pedantic style.

THE LETTER.

"Thou who art Dicky's enemy,
Shalt to thy sorrow find him free.
Once did he lead a happy life,
A pretty boy, a prettier wife;
Then love and beauty bless'd the day,
Thy malice snatch'd my bliss away.
Mark how he pays thee—to thyself
He cheerfully resigns his pelf!
One boon premis'd—my boy restore,
And thou shalt hear of me no more;
Refuse me this and in Field-Lane,
Dick's pardon thou shalt beg in vain."

XI.

"While Jemmy this epistle read,
Three or four times he knock'd his head;
Like a stuck pig awhile he stood,
And then broke out in frantic mood—
"Crack'd is his head—stark-staring mad,
What know I of his spouse or lad?
He brought a pretty lass to town,
Her birth and parentage unknown;
She for shop-lifting was exil'd—
The nurse then vanish'd with the child;
Heaven knows if I could find the boy,
I'd give him to his dad with joy;
This very instant I'd be glad,
To see the father hug his lad;
Nor at Dick's treasure wou'd I aim,
The son Dick's treasure best can claim."
Thou know'st that ever so oppress,
Tom Spriggins ne'er will lose his jest.
"Then much thy servant doth rejoice,"
He said "to give his friend his choice;
Thou hast not very far to run,
In search of Dick's beloved son;
Thy generous wish can now be had,
Terence O'Rourke is Dicky's lad."

XII.

" Upstarting with a frantic air,
The fellow now began to swear—
" Am I awake? or dost thou rave?
Or dar'st thou banter me, thou knave?
Perhaps thou know'st not I can yet
Against thee four indictments get."
Spriggins, who knew his safety well,
Firmly rejoin'd—" the truth I tell—
It chanc'd upon a summer night,
When on the road the moon shone bright,
That very night when Terence first,
At Hockley-in-the-hole was nurs'd;
By my dexterity I *boned*
The coral which the baby owned;
Which in his mouth he used to put,
When he his *grinders* 'gan to cut.
Pretty the bells, with silver wrought,
—Demand not how the toy I caught;
It was not borrow'd, given, nor bought.
Some letters I pick'd up too then,
All written by an Irish pen.
I hid my prize, for, be it known,
I had occasion to leave town.

I found it troublesome and vain,
Pot hooks and hangers to explain;
Some of the writing tho' I guess'd,
And *chance* gave guiding to the rest.

XIII.

"Three days since, was explain'd the scroll,
When hid in Hockley-in-the-hole;
With prick'd-up ears I heard Miss Kate,
Her uncle's history relate—
And now I fully can explain,
All the vile scribble doth contain;
But 'till I had this lucky clue,
I cou'd not tell a g from q.
Mark then—Nan was the darling still,
Of old O'Rourke of Redmond-Hill;
Tho' she serv'd dad a scurvy trick,
By leaving him for Mr. Dick;
O'Rourke, the moment that he heard,
The sweet-heart which had been prefer'd,
From Dublin sent a trusty man,
To have some private chat with Nan,
(Until a letter told his plan;)
But when the man came, lack-a-day,
The lady was at Botany-Bay.

XIV.

" O'Rourke it was, who, now half mad,
Robb'd Dicky of his infant lad;
He bred him in his own employ,
And call'd him a poor orphan boy.
Soon the nurse popp'd off, and the crew
Believ'd the tale was very true—
It never was th' old man's intent,
The boy to London should be sent,
Until his bankruptcy took place,
And poverty became disgrace—
In debt then being very deep,
The child he cou'd no longer keep,
And so resolv'd, the little soul
To send to Hockley-in-the hole;
Assur'd that Jokeby with great care,
Wou'd his adopted grandson rear;
But still a secret from the same,
He kept his parentage and name.
The man, with whom he sent the lad,
No notion of the secret had;
And so, it seems, the drunken *Pat*,
Lost every thing except the brat."—

XV.

" A wond'rous tale I can't deny,"
Said Jemmy—" but its all my eye—
Heaven knows, as glad as I take out
This handkerchief to blow my snout;
Wou'd I this very hour, egad,
Shake hands with Dick, or with his lad.
But Dick's a cunning dog—O'Rourke
Goes a clandestine way to work.
Give me thy ear,"—They whisper'd now,
Till Spriggins raised his voice I vow—
" My proofs! I never will," he cried,
Let mortal man know where they hide.
Nor don't suppose to over-reach,
By threat'ning me, Sir, with *Jack Ketch;*
For I have friends at large, aware
Where all my valuables are—
Release me from the runner's hand,
These tokens are at thy command;
And by some artifice or trick,
Thou may'st get rid of Mr. Dick."—
" I like thy wit," said Jemmy, " yet,
Thy liberty thou shalt not get;
Thy son may prove, if I don't err,
A trustier ambassader—

A letter he shall take to Dick
From me and bring these tokens quick.
Drink shalt thou have and shalt be free,
As soon as he returns to me.
But if to stay the rogue thinks fit,
The magistrate shall thee commit."

XVI.

"Fall'n in the pit himself had made,
What artifice cou'd Spriggins aid?
He told me, with a starting tear,
The tokens were all tied up here;
Begg'd on the way, I wou'd not stop,
Tho' e'er so thirsty for a drop,
And look'd as if just tuck'd up then,
And I the priest who said Amen.
This note for Dicky, Jemmy brought,
Who 'bout Field-Lane is to be sought—
When evening came I was at large,
The Magistrate sent my discharge."
"Give Jemmy's note,"—he read it o'er,
And bit by bit, the letter tore—
"All stuff and nonsense!—to cajole,
A worthy and good-natured soul,
And lead him on from gang to gang,
'Till at th' Old Bailey he might hang—

Now say what dost thou mean to do,
And mind, young man, thou tell'st me true—
If aught I mark of Spriggin's way,
This cane upon thy back I'll lay."

XVII.

"I'll spare thee, Sir, the pains," he cried,
For I my tutor can't abide;
Fix'd was my purpose to make known
To Dick that Terence is his son;
To bid him in retirement live,
And to his hands these tokens give.
Fix'd was my purpose to prevent,
Far as I may, their base intent,
And fix'd it rests—if, safe and sound,
This night I leave this cellar's ground."
"And Spriggins?"—"Let him go to hell,
For he deserve its torments well—
If Maddox swear his life away,
Pray what to me can Spriggins say,
Whose future happiness he's marr'd,
And made me a complete *blackguard?*
He tutor'd me to be untrue,
Now let my master have his due."
"Right" answer'd Bernard, "'tis well said,
The fellow's properly repaid—

But thou—thou art not for our way,
Hast love, hast conscience, hast dismay;
And he, who leagues with us must ne'er
For friendship or compassion care."

XVIII.

He paus'd and stretching him to yawn.
Seem'd half inclin'd to sleep till dawn;
Apparently in thinking deep,
Tho' half awake and half asleep;
One single hand his forehead propp'd,
The other on his knee was dropp'd.
The monstrous eye-brows downward fell,
And hid the eyes which blaz'd like hell.
His lip which us'd to speak his pride,
Vouchsaf'd the haughty curve to hide;
The frightful look which still remained,
A melancholy air retained.
There was a something now indeed,
Which upon Bernard's conscience prey'd—
And when he spoke, his tone once deem'd,
So loud and snappish, alter'd seem'd;
His voice was gentle, soft and weak,
Like children's learning first to speak,
And timid Cymon sad appear'd,
When he the alteration heard.

XIX.

"Cymon, like thee indeed I fret,
That Dick such scurvy treatment met;
It wou'd draw tears from every eye,
Save mine which know not how to cry.
Never to Dick must it be said,
That I the fool for Jemmy play'd;
Yet no informer I thro' fear,
But that I thought Dick insincere.
Say, Bernard's sorry for't—that's more,
Than Bernard ever said before.
Say, too, that Dick may now depend,
I shall henceforward be a friend;
Perchance my leader yet may know,
That I am more a friend than foe.
My neck hath felt a sudden stretch,
A warning of the dread *Jack Ketch;*
A voice hath said, the gallows shun,
As well to bid that wall to run.
Fixt as that wall I still will be,
My legs may kick but cannot flee.

XX.

'Now to thy errand, Cymon. Hence,
Seek Dick and tell him to commence

His work, tell every thing he knows,
And rescue Terence from his foes.
Now fare thee well—'tis late, mayhap
I'll have a comfortable nap."
Timidity was all a sham,
In Cymon's eye the dew-drop swam,
A tribute to the bravery,
Which stoop'd not in necessity,
But strove, by taking courage still,
To triumph o'er approaching ill.
Bernard did soon the tear discern,
Which made his iron heart to yearn—
" I never thought," he now cried out,
" That any one for me wou'd pout."
He rummag'd all his pockets sound,
And a small bit of silver found—
" Of all my late ill-gotten gains,
But this poor six-pence now remains.
Take it, dear Cymon, all my wealth,
And on the way drink Bernard's health.
Once more—to Mr. Dicky hie;
Farewell and stop not to reply."—

XXI.

The morn succeeded night again,
And every clock had struck out ten.

Maddox, who since the break of day,
Had curs'd the youth that staid away,
Impatient question'd now his pack,
" If Spriggins son had yet come back?"—
It chanc'd there answer'd of the set,
A man who oft this Cymon met;
" No son of Spriggins," he exclaim'd,
" A Chelsea lad and Cymon nam'd.
He sings and on the fiddle plays,
And is well known for knavish ways."
" Not Spriggins' son!—a Chelsea lad!
Then I am *dish'd* by all that's bad!
No doubt to Mr. Dick he's gone,
And that the tokens will be shown.
Fool that I was—the die is cast—
There's no recalling what is past!
I'll learn the business I suppose
From Spriggins soon—to jail he goes!
Ho! gentlemen, pray instantly,
Come to the magistrate with me;
I will discover such a thing,
That sure as fate the dog shall swing!
Bridget, tell Will to wash his face,
And come with me to Ely-Place."

XXII.

"Alack," the poor old woman said,
And this and that way went her head:
"Alack-a-day! I'm griev'd to tell
I do not think your son is well.
Last night, when reading my prayer book,
I at the candle chanc'd to look,
And the first thing my eyes did meet
Was, lack-a-day! a winding sheet."
"Poo, never talk to me such stuff,
I know the lad is well enough;
If not, I have a cure—so mum,
Tell him to Ely-Place to come."
He paus'd awhile when this he spoke,
And then—again he silence broke.
"I'll hang the scoundrel—that I will,
By doing so I'll show my skill;
Nought else can frighten Madam Kate,
Or win her to be William's mate—
But when she sees that what I say,
Has with the Magistrate great sway;
And when she deems, that to refuse,
Dooms dad and Terence to the noose,
She must give way—then, when allied
To Jokeby, all my fears subside:

For then I'll be a man of weight,
And if Dick come, he comes too late;
I'll not regard him then a fig,
But if he's saucy, pull his wig.

XXIII.

In Hatton Office what a crowd—
"Take off your hat," is cried aloud;
'Tis hurly-burly every where,
The runners running here and there.
Just then the Magistrate thought fit,
Poor Mr. Spriggins to commit,
Scarce conscious what's before his eye,
The mittimus is sign'd and dry:
Scarce conscious what assails his ear,
They call a hackney coachman near;
Away to Newgate now they drive,
Tho' he the jaunt can scarce survive;
And when they come to Kirby's door,
Tom Spriggins then is seen no more!

XXIV.

In Clerkenwell mean while did lurk,
Old Jokeby and his friend O'Rourke;
And from some distant voices came,
Fast-utter'd oaths with William's name.

But Maddox enter'd with his gang,
To make a very fine harangue;
Then first old Jokeby did he quiz,
Who gaz'd on his ill-looking phiz,
As calm as if he came a friend,
That was invited to attend;
As calm as if that phiz had been
The handsomest was ever seen.
Some paces back drew Maddox quick—
He was afraid of Jokeby's stick—
And said with low and faltering voice,
" I beg to know your honor's choice."
The gentleman then smil'd and said,
" My only daughter is this maid,
But I wou'd rather she was dead,
Than an informer's son she'd wed."
Then Terence spoke, " Oh blood-an-ouns,"
I wou'd not for a hundred crowns;
To do him harm you'd be provoked,
Spare Jokeby's neck—let me be choked;"
Jemmy that kindness wou'd have done,
But apprehension stopp'd his tone.

XXV.

And now he pours his wheedling prate,
In private on the ear of Kate—

"I hope, fair lady, you'll be won
To have compassion on my son—
Consent, to him your hand to give,
And we shall very happy live.
Refuse, and you'll repent of that,
For I will do—oh you know what."
Kate, very sad and spiritless,
Was shock'd at this unkind address;
She look'd as pale as poor Jane Shore,
When that she begg'd from door to door.
Her head she rais'd and then she said
In a low voice, "my choice is made;"
Spare but their necks! and now I wait,
'Till William shall decide my fate.
He once was kind,"—As she said this
The face of Maddox spoke his bliss.
"William, where have you so long been?—
Why upon Bridget's shoulder lean?
What is it prithee that's amiss?—
Come, come and give the girl a kiss;
Down on your marrow bones, I say,
Shou'd sobs and tears your joy display?"
"Be quiet, dad; I late went forth,
And purchas'd a whole shilling's worth
Of laudanum, and every sup
Upon my honor I drank up."

XXVI.

He took Kate's lovely hand—" dear lass,"
He said, " pray could it come to pass,
That you believed me so unkind,
As in this wicked plot to have join'd?
Alas! had I successful been,
It would have spared this tragic scene;
But now bear witness powers above,
That tho' both head and ears in love,
I wou'd not have join'd in such design,
Not even—to call Miss Kitty mine;
For all my sins I now atone,
For I am going—going—gone!"
His feeble frame he scarce cou'd move,
With laudanum, with grief, with love;
That lacking now his usual strength,
He fell and lay at his full length.
He groan'd—his lip her hand had kiss'd,
Death seiz'd him and he dropt her fist;
Greater and greater was his pain,
They rais'd him—but it was in vain!
His dad and company, dismay'd,
Endeavoured to procure him aid.
Now vinegar they pour'd about,
And burnt brown paper at his snout;

But no effect their efforts had,
Dead as a herring was the lad!

XXVII.

The wretched father, to his cost,
Saw all his hopes with William lost!
"And am I childless now?" said he,
"Childless thro' that relentless she?
Here lies my William—dead and gone,
And hated Dick will find a son,
Will join, in matrimonial band,
With Jokeby's daughter Terence' hand;
And shall their triumph then take place,
Spite of my schemes for their disgrace?
No!—deeds, which pity dare not do,
Vengeance is ready to pursue!
That lady who pretends to cry,
Shall real tears shed by and by;
By heaven I will hang them all,
Ho! for the constables now call!"
But nobody the summons heard,
For not a constable appeard.
"Make haste, I say! for they or I,
In Newgate cells shall quickly lie."

XXVIII.

At last a noise assail'd the ear,
Which seem'd as if approaching near;
Louder it was and still more loud,
'Till Clerkenwell was all a crowd,
And in the middle was espied,
A fellow who with cords was tied;
All shrunk when he appear'd in view,
For Bernard every body knew.
Three strides that wondrous hero took,
The first the very timbers shook;
The second then the passage clear'd,
The third—near Jemmy he appear'd;
A nod he at the fellow cast,
That was enough—he was held fast,
And by the constables around,
Without a groan was Maddox bound;
All was so quick that in the while,
You had not time an egg to boil.

XXIX.

While in amazement all remain'd,
Bernard the matter soon explain'd;
Poor Dick had been a man of sense,
And so had turn'd King's evidence;

The gallows Bernard now defied,
Since he'd a partner at his side;
A farewell of his friends he took,
And hands with every body shook,
And begg'd that none of them would fail,
To see his exit from the jail.
He wish'd them happy lives and long,
And then departed with the throng;
And when he went his parting way,
Had more of mirth than of dismay.

XXX.

No more of grief and starting tear;
No more of jeopardy and fear,
For all are merry now and gay,
As in a fair or holiday.
Young Terence seizes Kitty's fist,
The lady smiles when she is kiss'd,
The history's unravelled quick,
That he's the son of Mr. Dick.
Dick's come—to hear and to display,
The miracles of this strange day.
What saw he?—not the cord to stretch,
Nor the assistant of Jack Ketch.—
What heard he? not the dreadful pop
The scaffold gives when on the drop—

Terence he saw and heard, quite glad,
Clasp'd him and sobb'd—" My lad! my lad!"

Love and fun have now their sway,
Kitty makes young Terence gay;
To the alter doth he lead her,
Guess the rest good Mr. Reader.

END OF CANTO SIXTH.

NOTES.

NOTES TO CANTO FIRST.

NOTE I.

The Moon reflects the winter snow,
But mild and soft the zephyrs blow,
And, hiding half her face, the rain
Makes motley tincture of her train.

St. I. p. 1.

These introductory lines are very similar to those of another poem which I lately noticed in a weekly paper of mine.—

The Moon is in her summer glow,
But hoarse and high the breezes blow,
And, racking o'er her face, the cloud
Varies the tincture of her shroud—

Rokeby.

In winter we seldom meet with *mild* and *soft* zephyrs, and is it not strange that the rain should not have washed away the snow?

DRAKARD.

We may as well meet with mild and soft zephyrs in the winter season, as with *hoarse* and *high* breezes in summer: the reader in the same stanza

Perceives an instantaneous thaw.

Jokeby.

And the changes of the moon are very poetically applied to those of guilty dreams.

When conscience, with remorse and dread,
Gives wandering fancy kicks in bed.

Jokeby.

I have already written a successful tragedy on *Remorse*, and probably I may make *Dread* or *Fear* the subject of my next, as the CRITIC, who laughed at my lines, has now, very fortunately for me, no share in the theatre.

COLERIDGE.

NOTE II.

Queen Mab at length rode 'thwart his nose.

St. II. p. 2.

This is borrowed from Mercutio's famous speech in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. I have made use of the same quotation in my *Sleepwalker*.

OULTON.

NOTE III.

Bring sprats and gin and cold strong beer,
Admit the lad and disappear.—St. V. p. 5.

Cold strong beer in winter, is not so strange or uncommon as to *trim the fire* in Summer time—

Bring food and wine, and trim the fire,
Admit the stranger and retire—

Rokeby.
SHERIDAN.

NOTE IV.

And drink the beer too, like a sot,
Tho' it was sixpence now a pot.—St. VII. p. 6.

We need not wonder at the advanced price of porter, when bread and butcher's meat are so very dear——*Bella, horrida bella!!!*

BURDETT.

NOTE V.

His pinch, with thumb and finger stout,
Forc'd the brown snuff-drop from the snout.
St. XV. p. 14.

This bears a strong resemblance to another couplet,

His grasp, as hard as glove of mail,
Forc'd the red blood-drop from the nail.——

Rokeby.

Jokeby's *pinch* however is more natural than Rokeby's *grasp;* for it is customary for bullies to salute one another by the nose, as we find in Farquar's Comedy of the *Inconstant* and other old plays.

MALONE.

NOTE VI.

Hearts are not stone, for stones are hit;
Hearts are not oak, for oak is split.

St. XVII. p 16.

Though this is rather harsh upon our *Hearts of Oak,* I grant it is a better parody than mine, on

Hearts are not flint, and flints are rent;
Hearts are not steel and steel is bent.

Rokeby.

The SATYRIST.

NOTE VII.

The Times for Reformation call.

St. XVIII. p. 18.

Indeed they do. BURDETT.

NOTE VIII.

News, from the pen that quickly greet,
Spread fast as lightning thro' the street.

St. XIX. p. 18.

This is not so true as

Thoughts, from the tongue that slowly part,
Glance quick as lightning thro' the heart.

Rokeby.

For the two-penny post does not convey letters in such an expeditious manner, particularly to those who live *off of the stones*, as it is termed.

TAYLOR.

NOTE IX.

The heir of Jokeby's sole estate.

St. XXVII. p. 26.

Jokeby is a nick-name, as we read in Canto 4, Stanza VIII.

Bill, nick-named Jokeby by your friends.—

Nick-names are common among pilferers, as we may find in the *Newgate Calendar*. No doubt this old thief was renowned for cracking his Jokes, whereby he obtained the name of *Jokeby*.

ARIS.

NOTE X.

For William, gentle, meek and coy,
Was Fancy's spoil'd and naughty boy;
In her fine curricle of brass,
She bade him ride with his sweet lass:
Or did with gems and diamonds mock,
And left him crowing like a cock.

St. XXX. p. 30.

The author seems *at home* here in his description.

DUDLEY.

NOTE XI.

For Bernard is——Zooks he doth come,
He is a son of a——but mum.

There is something humorous and natural in the conclusion of this Canto, and far surpasses

Bertram is——what I must not tell—
I hear his hasty step——farewel!
Rokeby.

Which, in my opinion, is lame and unpoetical.

INCHBALD.

NOTES TO CANTO SECOND.

NOTE I.

And the poor lamplighter, I ween,
Wore linen that was seldom clean.

St. III. p. 38.

I should be surprised if he did even on a Sunday. For my part, I am an enemy to the frequent changing of linen, as I deem it very unwholesome.

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

NOTE II.

Thick as the hobbies of man's pride.

St. VII. p. 41.

Every man has his hobby, you know, and I speak a dissertation on hobbies, you know, for my hobby is to perform for benefits, you know.

COATES.

NOTE III.

Seem'd that these bucks to quarrel took,
'Bout what they never read—the Book.

St. IX. p. 42.

This *untitled* Book is at length published, but is not *the book* possessed by

THE EXAMINER.

NOTE IV.

Hearts hard as Rock, as iron stout,
Which kick'd both love and pity out,
Have quak'd like feathers in the wind,
Beneath the terrors of the mind.

St. XI. p. 44.

This is another Imitation.—

Hearts firm as steel, as marble hard,
'Gainst faith and love and pity barr'd,
Have quak'd like aspen leaves in May,
Beneath its universal sway.

Rokeby.

INCHBALD.

NOTE V.

Of Imogene, who falsely bragg'd,
And whom to hell Alonzo dragg'd.

St. XI. p. 45.

Alluding to *Alonzo the Brave* and *the Fair Imogene*, said to be written by the author of the *Castle Spectre*, but who has certainly borrowed this, as well as the above play, from a rejected one of mine, which I sent to the Proprietors of Drury-Lane. Being in the habit of looking for old stories, to enable me to write pieces for the Surrey Theatre, &c. I met with the original of *Alonzo the Brave*, which I here subjoin for the purpose of proving the plagiary and trusting that Authors in future will

LOOK AT HOME.

Late of Pembroke College.

YOUNG DAMON AND PHILLIS.

1.

YOUNG Damon and Phillis, whose hearts were entwined,
Who felt for each other a flame,
Oft talked of the vows that ought lovers to bind,
Young Damon was handsome and Phillis was kind,
Their wishes, though few, were the same.

2.

At length spoke the youth, since my parents command
My presence across the deep main,
You'll forget me too soon, and give your fair hand
To one who can boast of more wealth and more land,
Than Damon, the lad of the plain.

3.

Shame on you, said Phillis, to think thus of her
  Whose happiness centers in you;
Be you living—or dead—nought shall me deter
Or force me another 'fore you to prefer;
  To Damon alone I'll be true.

4.

May your spectre appal me on that fatal day
  When wedded to any but thee,
May my blood cease to flow—may my flesh all decay,
Corrupt and rot of—may hell seize me as prey,
May your ghost from this bosom my heart pluck away,
  And thus to the grave with me flee.

5.

Contented to India young Damon then went,
  For Phillis his loss much deplor'd,
Till gazing one day on his picture intent,
Young Thomas (whose love for her nought could augment)
  Confessed that 'twas her he ador'd.

6.

His language so sweet join'd with sighs so well tim'd,
  (His suit to refuse made her loth)
He vanquished her scruples—she opened her mind,
For soon, much too soon, she that fatal deed signed,
  Which helpmates for life made them both.

7.

Scarce married and placed in the midst of their friends,
  On merriment all were intent;
When slowly the green-painted wainscot unbends,
A flame of blue light from the ceiling descends,
  The walls of the mansion were rent.

8.

Then Phillis, half wild, in surprize looked around,
  For him who had caused this dismay,
His eyes flashing fire, he turned to the ground:
He spake not—but vented so piercing a sound,
  A sound that the wind blew away.

9.

His aspect was grim, and his clothing shone bright,
  His manners to all appear'd strange;
His pestiferous breath each object did blight,
Young Thomas looked pallid, so great was his fright,
  And direful to all was the change.

10.

The guests, who before ne'er such terrors had seen,
  In silence prepared to depart;
When Phillis spoke this (as she grew more serene)
Pray, sir, may I ask what your presence may mean?
  What is it you wish to impart?

11.

No more, said the lady, the unknown complies,
  But first he his garments unbound,
In terror she gazed on his fierce rolling eyes,
His blood-mangled frame, as he quits his disguise,
  And solemnly paces the ground.

12.

In horror they all turn'd their faces away,
  The blood trickled down from his side,
His arms both were wither'd, his flesh did display
Such worm-eaten holes—that not one dar'd to stay,
  While angry he spoke to the bride:

13.

See you Damon's arrived, on this fatal day
  Your promise you've broken with me;
Let your blood cease to flow! let your flesh all decay,
Corrupt and rot off, let hell seize you as prey,
For I'll from that bosom your heart pluck away,
  And hence to the grave with you flee!!!

14.

The damsel he seized with his cold clammy hands,
  And tore from her bosom her heart,
While vain is the contest, in vain she withstands,
Or resists his power, for the wainscot expands,
  And, howling, they through it depart.

15.

E'en the bridegroom was seized with pains so severe,
But shortly he Phillis survived;
And noises so strange in the house you may hear,
When in the green Chamber her ghost does appear,
For oft are her torments revived.

16.

At times when the children of men are fast bound,
And fettered by sleep's healing sway,
Damon and Phillis, when the curfew does sound,
Appear both by devils encircled around,
While piece-meal her flesh does decay.

17.

They feast on the bodies of new-mangled babes,
With pleasure they drink up their gore;
Their chief on the wainscot this motto engraves,
May she be destroyed who as Phillis behaves,
And none her just fate e'er deplore.

NOTE VI.

For as such folk must always stretch,
They swore that he beheld a Fetch.

St. XII. p. 46.

The Sons of Erin are prone to superstition, and it is common, even to this day, for the lower class to talk of a *Fetch*, which is admirably described in the following line.

This is a kind of *living* ghost.

LEFANU.

NOTE VII.

Which having burn'd some hours or so,
Was very nearly on the go.

St. XVI. p. 50.

Go is used substantively here for *departure*—the meaning is—the rush-light which had been left so long burning, was very near being burnt out.

MURRAY.

NOTE VIII.

Of Avershaw, Bill Jones and Lake.

St. XVIII. p. 50.

Three noted rogues—I remember committing one of them.

GRAHAM.

NOTES TO CANTO THIRD.

NOTE I.

A form more nimble, strait and stout,
Never walk'd Westminster about.

St. V. p. 69.

This transposition of the preposition is severely censured by some critics, but we may frequently find it in other poets.

A form more active, light and strong,
Ne'er shot the ranks of war along.

Rokeby.

MURRAY.

NOTE II.

Where stands a new Jerusalem,
Which to its neighbours is a gem;
So bad the houses, 'tis allow'd,
That New Jerusalem looks proud;
But those attending on its call,
Must turn their backs upon St. Paul.

St. VIII. p. 73.

In my *Sketch of Religions*, I have mentioned the tenets of the *New Jerusalem*, and whence this Church took its name. I have also observed that Mr. Proud is one of the ministers; but, I believe, he never preached in Dudley-Court.

EVANS.

The author does not mean St. Paul's *Church* here, but St. Paul's *Epistles*, which the Ministers of the *New Jerusalem* never read.

BELLAMY.

NOTE III.

Remorse was there, in doleful dumps,
With vain repining on his trumps;
Among the guests too also came,
Sorrow and undissembled Shame,
And Blasphemy, stark staring mad,
Swearing by all that's good and bad—
While Bernard prov'd among the crew,
The master-savage Shakespeare drew.

St. XIV. p. 80.

By *Trumps* we must understand *Means* here. I have met with the word signifying an *expedient*, in some of our old authors. The master-savage Shakespeare drew, is in his play of the *Tempest*, and is certainly equal to

The master-fiend that Milton drew.

Rokeby.

MALONE.

NOTE IV.

But half after old Nick I take,
For I believe, but never quake.

St. XX. p. 87.

We read in Scripture—" the devils believe and tremble.',

Mine is but half the demon's lot,
For I believe, but tremble not.

Rokeby.

R. HILL.

NOTE V.

And rose, as men with us must rise,
By scorning KETCH *and all his* TIES.

St. XX. p. 88.

There's some wit in this couplet, and the last line concludes with a neat pun.

COLMAN.

NOTE VI.

And gain the prize—so help me, Bob!

St. XXVII. p. 96.

Help me, Bob is a common invocation among pick pockets.

ARIS.

NOTES TO CANTO FOURTH.

NOTE I.

The mounting blood, then dancing wild,
Rivalled the carrot that is boil'd.
St. IV. p. 102.

This is a beautiful simile, and far surpasses

The mantling blood in ready play,
Rivall'd the blush of rising day.
Rokeby.
REYNOLDS.

NOTE II.

The tear, which childhood's cheek runs o'er,
Is like the milk-drop on the floor;
When next Grimalkin passes by,
And laps it up, the ground is dry.
St. XI. p. 109.

There is a strong similitude in these to the following couplets;

The tear, down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

Rokeby.

MORTON.

NOTE III.

Now some, a good name to destroy,
Found out a mother for the boy;
At modest virtue they took aim,
And held up innocence to shame;
And as such wretches ne'er are loth,
To take a false—a damning oath;
They swore they knew the time and spot,
Where he was merrily begot.

St. XVI. p. 114.

What a just picture of the scandal of the day! I regret that I have not a seat in the house, or I should certainly propose an act for the suppression of wicked tongues; for I agree with Jokeby,

Indeed 'till wicked tongues are stopp'd,
'Tis dangerous a child to adopt.

SHERIDAN.

NOTE IV.

Where is that song now? 'tis forgot,
Or torn perhaps—or gone to pot.

Gone to *pot!* excellent! The reader may understand what he pleases by this.

COLMAN.

NOTE V.

He swore by gosh it was no sham.

St. XXX. p. 130.

A common oath this among the vulgar.

ARIS.

NOTES TO CANTO FIFTH.

NOTE I.

And while the cheerful faggots crack,
Tuck'd up his skirts and warm'd his back.

St. III. p. 125.

That's the way I warm myself when I play the *Foundling of the Forest*, as it is "holding up the mirror to nature."

ELLISTON.

NOTE II.

Nor can I hear a merry tune,
That I don't think of Dublin soon;
Where oft at Heck-ball I have smiled,
The king of beggars he was styled.

St. X. p. 141.

Our author has made Terence too old, for it is upwards of thirty years when HECKBALL reigned the King of Beggars.

OWENSON.

NOTE III.

His wig which almost touch'd his lip,
Seem'd to have been a penny dip.

You may have a penny dip in Rosemary-Lane for a wig, and a laughable lottery it is—it would make an excellent scene in a pantomime.

GRIMALDI.

NOTE IV.

Like conjuration did it mock,
As Ingleby's new-headed cock.

St. XVI. p. 147.

This was a simple trick, performed by Ingleby at the Minor Theatre, which I exposed.

GINGLES.

NOTE V.

As waiting but their chieftain's look,
To give a sure and fatal stroke.

St. XXV. p. 157.

I don't approve of this rhyme, but it is certainly better than the following:

As waiting but their chieftain's word,
To make their fatal volley heard.

Rokeby.

The author of Jokeby is in general correct in his rhyme, and particularly so in his metre. I was astonished to find *real* used as a monosyllable in a modern poem.

> Of feelings real and fancies vain.
>
> *Rokeby.*

It would have been better if the author had made a monosyllable of *Stewards.*

> Sure stewards they, if fitting spell
> Their service to the task compel.
>
> *Rokeby.*

Such a miserable line as the first I have not met with in the six cantos of Jokeby.

DIMOND.

NOTES TO CANTO SIXTH.

NOTE I.

The dog, by turning round and round,
Had made his bed upon the ground.

St. I. p. 166.

Every dog takes three or four turns before he lies down. Being an old sportsman, I was once asked the reason of this, and my answer was—"A dog always looks for the head of his bed."

THORNTON.

NOTE II.

Dost agree
That I've guess'd right? "*Yes, to a T.*"

St. VI. p. 173.

T is a contraction here for *tittle*.

A SCHOOLMASTER.

NOTE III.

Ne'er on the stage in any part,
Was seen so fine a tragic start
As Maddox gave.

St. VIII. p. 175.

I flatter myself the author has never seen me in *Alexander the Great.* BETTY.

NOTE IV.

He broke the seal—he gave a stare,
Frantic, terrific, fierce and queer.

St. IX. p. 176.

This is equally as beautiful and sublime as

He broke the seal—his cheek show'd change,
Sudden, portentous, wild and strange.

Rokeby.

INCHBALD.

NOTE V.

By my dexterity I boned.

St. XII. p. 179.

To *bone* is to *steal*, in the vulgar tongue. I studied the language when I wrote my *School of Reform.*

MORTON.

NOTE VI.

Then I am dished by all that's bad.

St. XXI, p. 188.

That is—I am *ruined.*

MORTON.

NOTE VII.

The runners running here and there.

St. XXII. p. 190.

This is a miserable pun, if intended for one. The author was more happy in the preceding cantos.

By which he *dickied* his friend Dick.—p. 74.
Most *head-strong* when he'd a *crack'd nob.*—p. 89.

COLMAN.

FINIS.

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